

PARADISE LOST,

A

P O E M,

IN

T W E L V E B O O K S.

THE LAST EDITION.

AL.

1578 / 2116



PARADISE LOST,
A
P O E M,
IN
TWELVE BOOKS.
THE LAST EDITION.

The AUTHOR
JOHN MILTON.

at PARIS,
Printed for DURAND, in Hay-street.

M. DCC. LIV.

A2





To the Right Honorable

John Lord Sommers,

Baron of *Evesham.*

MY LORD,

IT was Your LORDSHIP'S opinion and encouragement that occasion'd the first appearing of this Poem in the *Folio* Edition, which from thence has been so well receiv'd, that notwithstanding the price of it was four ti-

mes greater than before , the
sale increas'd double the number
every year. The Work is now
generally known and esteem'd;
and I having the honor to hear
Your LORDSHIP say , that a
smaller edition of it would be
grateful to the world, immedia-
tely resolv'd upon printing it in
this volume , of which I most
humbly beg Your acceptance ,
from,

My LORD,

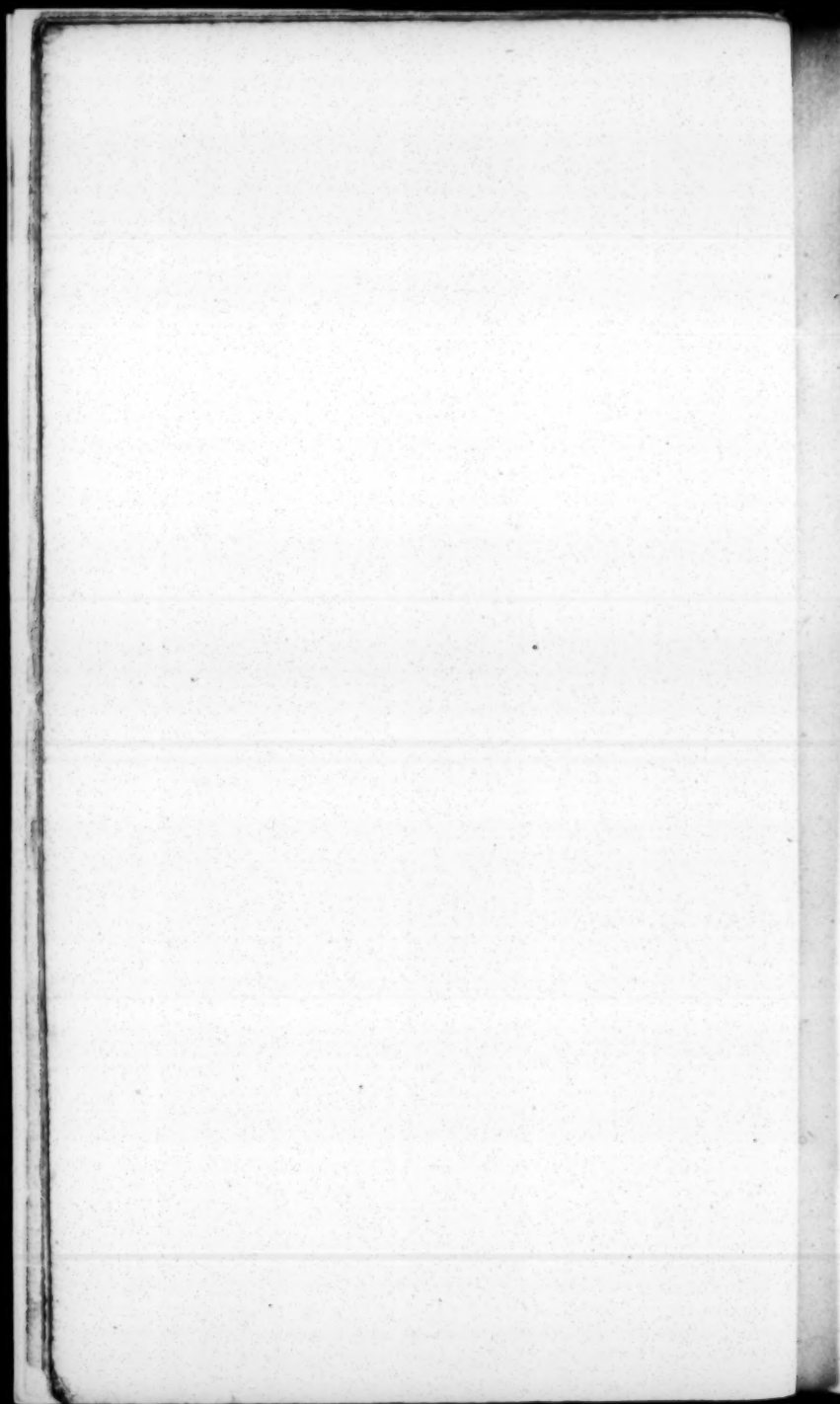
Your Lordship's

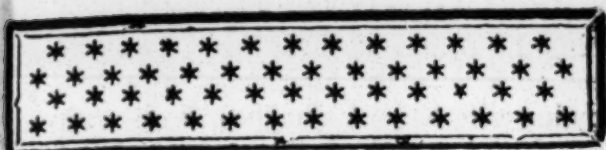
ever obliged servant.

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THE LIFE OF

M. JOHN MILTON.





T H E
L I F E
O F

Mr. *JOHN MILTON*.

FROM a family, and town of his name in *Oxfordshire*, our Author deriv'd his descent; but He was born at *London* in the Year 1608. The Publisher of his Works in Prose (on whose veracity some part of this narrative must entirely depend) dates his birth two years earlier than this: but contradicting himself afterwards in his own computation, I reduce it to the time that Monsieur *Bayle* hath assign'd; and for the same Reason which prevail'd with him to assign it. His father, *John Milton*, by profession a scrivener, liv'd in a reputable manner on a competent estate, entirely his own acquisition; having been

early disinherited by his parents for renouncing the communion of the Church of Rome, to which they were zealously devoted. By his wife *Sarah Caston* he had likewise one daughter, nam'd *Anna*; and another son, *Christopher*, whom he train'd to the practice of the Common Law; who in the Great Rebellion adher'd to the royal cause: and in the reign of King *James II.* by too easy a compliance with the doctrines of the Court, both religious and civil, he attain'd to the dignity of being made a Judge of the Common Pleas; of which he dy'd devested not long after the Revolution.

But *JOHN*, the subject of the present essay, was the favorite of his father's hopes; who, to cultivate the great genius which early display'd itself, was at the expense of a domestic Tutor: whose care and capacity his Pupil hath gratefully celebrated in an excellent Latin Elegy; the fourth in the present collection.. At his initiation
An. Ætat. 12. He is said to have apply'd himself to Letters with such indefatigable industry, that he rarely was prevail'd with to quit his studies before midnight: which not only made him frequently subject to severe pains in his head; but likewise occasion'd that weakness in his eyes, which terminated in a total privation

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of sight. From a domestic education He was remov'd to St. Paul's School, to complete his acquaintance with the Classics under the care of Dr. Gill: and after a short stay there, was transplanted to Christ's College in Cambridge, *An. Ætat. 15.* where He distinguish'd himself in all kinds of Academical Exercises. Of this Society He continued a Member 'till He commenc'd Master of Arts: and then leaving the University, He return'd to his father; who had quitted the town, and liv'd at Horton in *An. Ætat. 23.* Buckinghamshire; where He pursu'd his studies with unparallel'd assiduity and success.

After some years spent in this studious retirement, his mother dy'd: and then he prevail'd with his father to gratify an inclination He had long entertain'd of seeing foreign countries. Sir Henry Wotton, at that time Provost of Eaton College, gave him a letter of advice for the direction of his travels: but by not observing * an excellent Maxim in it, He incurr'd great danger by disputing against the superstition of the Church of Rome, within the verge of the

* *I pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto.*

Vatican. Having employ'd his curiosity about (a) two years in *France* and *Italy*, on the news of a civil war breaking out in *England*, He return'd; without taking a survey of *Greece* and *Sicily*, as at his setting out the scheme was projected. (b) At *Paris* the Lord Viscount *Scudamore*, Ambassador from King *Charles I.* at the Court of *France*, introduc'd him to the acquaintance of *Grotius*; who at that time was honor'd with the same character there by *Christiana* Queen of *Sweden*. In *Rome*, *Genoa*, *Florence*, and other cities of *Italy*, He contracted a familiarity with those who were of highest reputation for wit and learning: several of whom gave him very obliging testimonies of their friendship, and esteem, which are printed before his Latin Poems. The first of them was written by *Manso* Marquis of *Villa*, a great patron of *Tasso*, by whom he is celebrated in his (c) Poem

(a) *Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ ,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes, ...
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis : pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retenebat in urbe.*

Epitaphe *Dam.*

(b) *Defensio Secunda. Pag. 96. Fol.*

(c) *Fra Cavalier' magnanimi, e cortesi ,
Resplende il Manso Lib. 20.*

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on the Conquest of *Jerusalem*. It is highly probable that to his conversation with this noble *Neapolitan* we owe the first design which MILTON conceiv'd of writing an Epic Poem : and it appears by some Latin verses address'd to the Marquis with the title of *Manfus*, that He intended to fix on King *Arthur* for his heroe : but *Arthur* was reserv'd to another destiny !

Returning from his travels *An. Ætat. 32.* He found *England* on the point of being involv'd in blood and confusion. It seems wonderful that one of so warm, and daring a spirit, as his certainly was, shou'd be restrain'd from the camp in those unnatural commotions. I suppose we may impute it wholly to the great deference He paid to paternal authority, that He retired to lodgings provided for him in the city : which being commodious for the reception of his sister's sons, and some other young Gentlemen, He undertook their education : and is said to have form'd them on the same plan which He afterwards publish'd, in a short tractate inscrib'd to his friend Mr. *Hartlib*.

In this philosophical course He continued without a wife to the year 1643 ; when He marry'd *Mary* the Daughter of *Richard Powell* of *Fo-* *An. Ætat. 35.*

rest-hill in Oxfordshire : a Gentleman of estate and reputation in that county ; and of principles so very opposite to his Son-in-Law , that the marriage is more to be wonder'd at , than the separation which ensu'd , in little more than a month after she had to habited with him in *London*. Her desertion provok'd him both to write several treatises concerning the doctrine , and discipline , of Divorce ; and also to make his addresses to a young Lady of great wit and beauty : but before he had engag'd her affections to conclude the marriage-treaty , in a visit at one of his relations He found his Wife prostrate before him , imploring forgiveness and reconciliation. It is not to be doubted but an interview of that nature , so little expected , must wonderfully affect him : and perhaps the impressions it made on his imagination contributed much to the painting of that pathetic Scene in * *PARADISE LOSE* , in which *Eve* addresseth herself to *Adam* for pardon , and peace. At the intercession of his friends who were present , after a short reluctance He generously sacrific'd all his resentment to her tears.

* Book X. page 33. ver. 29.

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——— *Soon his heart relented*
Tow'rds her, his life so late, and sole delight,
Now, at his feet submissive in distress !

And after this re-union, so far was He from retaining an unkind memory of the provocations which He had receiv'd from her ill conduct, that when the King's cause was entirely oppress'd, and her father, who had been active in his loyalty, was expos'd to sequestration; MILTON receiv'd both him and his family to protection, and free entertainment, in his own house, till their affairs were accommodated by his interest in the victorious faction.

For He was now grown famous by his polemical *An. Ætat. 41* writings of various kinds, and held in great favor, and esteem, by those who had power to dispose of all preferments in the State. 'Tis in vain to dispute, and far be it from me to defend, his engaging with a Party combin'd in the destruction of our Church and Monarchy. Yet, leaving the justification of a misguided sincerity to be debated in the Schools, may I presume to observe in his favor, that his zeal, distemper'd and furious as it was, does not appear to have been inspirited by self-interested views ! For it is affirm'd,

that though He liv'd always in a frugal retirement, and before his death had dispos'd of his library (which we may suppose to have been a valuable collection) He left no more than fifteen hundred pounds behind him for the support of his family : and whoever considers the Posts to which He was advanc'd, and the times in which He enjoy'd them, will I believe confess He might have accumulated a much more plentiful fortune : in a dispassionate mind it will not require any extraordinary measure of candor to conclude, that though He abode in the *heritage of Oppressors*, and the spoils of his country lay at his feet, neither his conscience, nor his honor, cou'd stoop to gather them.

A Commission to constitute him Adjutant-General to
An. Ætat. 42. Sir *William Waller* was promis'd; but soon superseded by *Waller's* being laid aside, when his Masters thought it proper to new-model their army. However, the keenness of his Pen had so effectually recommended him to *Cromwell's* esteem, that when he took the reins of government into his own hand, he advanc'd him to be Latin Secretary, both to himself and the Parliament: the former of these preferments He enjoy'd both under the Usurper, and his
 Son;

Son; the other, 'till King *Charles II.* was restor'd. For some time He had an apartment for his family in *White-hall*; but his health requiring a freer accession of air, He was oblig'd to remove from thence to lodgings which open'd into *St. James's Park*. Not long after his settlement there, his wife dy'd in child-bed: and much about the time of her death, a *Gutta Serena*, which had for several years been gradually increasing, totally extinguish'd his sight. In this melancholic condition he was easily prevail'd with to think of taking another wife; who was *Catharine* the daughter of Captain *Woodcock* of *Hackney*: and she too, in less than a year after their marriage, dy'd in the same unfortunate manner as the former had done; and in his twenty third Sonnet He does honor to her memory.

These private calamities were much heighten'd, by *An. Ætat. 52.* the different figure he was likely to make in the new scene of affairs, which was going to be acted in the State. For, all things now conspiring to promote the King's Restoration, He was too conscious of his own activity during the Usurpation, to expect any favor from the Crown: and therefore He prudently absconded 'till the Act of Oblivion was pu-

blish'd ; by which He was only render'd incapable of bearing any office in the Nation. Many had very just esteem of his admirable parts and learning , who detested his principles ; by whose intercession his Pardon pass'd the Seals : and I wish the laws of Civil History could have extended the benefit of that oblivion to the memory of his guilt , which was indulg'd to his person ; *nè tanti facinoris immanitas aut extitisse , aut non vindicata fuisse , videatur.*

Having thus gain'd a full protection from the Government , which was in truth more than he cou'd have reasonably hop'd) He appear'd as much in public as he formerly us'd to do ; and employing his friend Dr. Paget to make choice of a third consort , on his recommendation He married *Elizabeth* the Daughter of Mr. *Minshul* a *Cheshire* Gentleman , by whom He had no issue. Three daughters by his first wife were then living ; the two elder of whom are said to have been very serviceable to him in his studies. For , having been instructed to pronounce not only the Modern , but also the Latin , Greek , and Hebrew languages ; they read in their respective originals whatever Authors He wanted to consult ; though they understood none but their mother-tongue. This employment , however , was

too unpleasant to be continued for any long process of time ; and therefore He dismiss'd them to receive an education more agreeable to their sex , and temper.

We come now to take a survey of him in that point of view , in which He will be look'd on by all succeeding ages with equal delight , and admiration. An interval of above twenty years had elaps'd since He wrote the Mask of * *Comus* , *L'Allegro* , Il *An. Ætat.* * 26. *Penseroso* , and † *Lycidas* ; † 29. all in such and an exquisite strain ! that though He had left no other monuments of his Genius behind him , his name had been immortal. But , neither the infirmities of age and constitution , nor the vicissitudes of fortune , cou'd depress the vigor of his mind ; or divert it from executing a design He had a long conceiv'd of writing an Heroic Poem. The Fall of Man was a subject which He had some years before fix'd on for a Tragedy , which He intended to form by the models of Antiquity : and some , not without probability , say the Play open'd with that Speech in the fourth Book of PARADISE LOST , ver. 32. which is address'd by *Satan* to the Sun. Were it

material, I believe I cou'd produce other passages which more plainly appear to have been originally intended for the scene. But whatever truth there may be in this report, 'tis certain that He did not begin to mold his Subject in the form which it bears now, before He had concluded his controversy with *Galmasius* and *More*; when He had wholly lost the use of his eyes; and was forc'd to employ in the office of an *Amanuensis* any friend who accidentally paid him a visit. Yet, under all these discouragements, and various interruptions, in the

Year (a) 1669 He publish'd
An. Ætat. 61. his *PARADISE LOST*; the noblest Poem, next to those of *Homer* and *Virgil*, that ever the wit of man produc'd in any age or nation. Need I mention any other evidence of its inestimable worth, than that the finest Geniuses who have succeeded him have ever esteem'd it a merit to relish, and illustrate its beauties? Whilst the Critic who gaz'd, with so much wanton malice, on the nakedness of *Shakespeare* when he slept, after having (b) formally declar'd war against it, wanted cou-

(a) Milton's *Contract* with his Bookseller *S. Simmons* for the Copy bears Date April 27. 1667.

(b) *The Tragedies of the last age consider'd*, p. 143

rage to make his attack; flush'd though he was with his conquests over *Julius Cæsar*, and *The Moor*: which insolence his Muse, like the other assassines of *Cæsar**, severely revenged on herself; and not long after her triumph became her own executioner. Nor is it unworthy our observation, that though, perhaps, no One of our *English* Poets hath excited so many admirers to imitate his Manner, yet I think never any was known to aspire to emulation: even the late ingenious Mr. *Philips*, who, in the colors of style, came the nearest of all the Copiers to resemble the great Original, made his distant advances with a filial reverence; and restrain'd his ambition within the same bounds which *Lucretius* prescribed to his own imitation:

*Non ita certandi cupidus, quàm propter
amorem*

*Quòd TE imitari aveo: quid enim contem-
dat hirundo*

Cycnis? ———

And now perhaps it may pass for fiction, what with great veracity I affirm to be fact, that MILTON, after having with much

* *Vide EDGAR.*

difficulty prevail'd to have this Divine Poem licens'd for the Press, cou'd sell the Copy for no more than Fifteen Pounds: the payment of which *valuable consideration* depended on the sale of three numerous impressions. So unreasonably may personal prejudice affect the most excellent performances!

About * two years after, *An. Ætat. 63.* together with SAMSON AGONISTES (a Tragedy not unworthy the *Grecian Stage* when *Athens* was in her glory) publish'd PARADISE REGAIN'D. But, *Oh! what a falling-of was there!* Of which I will say no more, than that there is scarcely a more remarkable instance of the frailty of human reason, than our Author gave in preferring this Poem to PARADISE LOST; nor a more instructive caution to the best writers, to be very diffident in deciding the merit of their own productions.

And thus having attended him to the Sixty Sixth year of his age, as closely as such imperfect lights as men of Letters, and retirement, usually leave to guide our inquiry wou'd allow; it now only remains

* They were Licens'd July 2. 1670, but not printed before the year ensuing.

to be recorded, that in the Year 1674 the Gout put a *An. Ætat. 66-7.* period to his life at *Bunhill* near *London*; from whence his body was convey'd to *St. Giles's Church* by *Cripple-gate*, where it lyes interr'd in the Chancel; but neither has, nor wants, a Monument to perpetuate his memory.

In his youth he is said to have been extremely handsome: the color of his hair was a light-brown; the symmetry of his features exact; enliven'd with an agreeable air, and a beautiful mixture of fair and ruddy: which occasion'd the Marquis of *Villa* to give his (a) Epigram the same Turn of Thought, which *Gregory* Arch-Deacon of *Rome* had employ'd above a thousand years before; in praising the amiable complexions of some *English* Youths, before their conversion to Christianity. His stature (as we (b) find it measur'd by himself) did not exceed the middle-size; neither too lean, nor corpulent: his limbs well proportion'd; nervous, and active: serviceable in all respects to his exercising the sword, in which He much delighted; and wanted neither

(a) *Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verum herclè Angelus ipse fores,*

(b) *Defensio secunda. p. 87. Fol.*

skill, nor courage, to resent an affront from men of the most athletic constitution. In his diet He was abstemious; not delicate in the choice of his dishes; and strong liquors of all kinds were his aversion. Being too sadly convinc'd how much his health had suffer'd by night-studies in his younger years. He used to go early (seldom later than Nine to rest; and rose commonly before Five in the morning. It is reported, (and there is passage in one of his Latin Elegies to countenance the tradition) that his fancy made the happiest flights in the Spring: but one of his Nephews used to deliver it as Merton's own observation, that his Invention was in its highest perfection from September to the Vernal Equinox: however it was, the great inequalities to be found in his composures are incontestable proofs that in some seasons He was but one of the people. When blindness restrain'd him from other exercises, He had a machine to swim in, for the preservation of his health; and diverted himself in his chamber with playing on an Organ. His Deportment was erect, open, affable; his Conversation easy, cheerful, instructive; his Wit on all occasions in command, facetious, grave, or satirical as the subject requir'd. His Judgment, when dis-engag'd from religious and political speculations

culations, was just and penetrating; his Apprehension, quick; his Memory, tenacious of what He read; his Reading, only not so extensive as his Genius, for That was universal. And having treasur'd up such immense stores of science, perhaps the faculties of his soul grew more vigourous after He was depriv'd of his sight: and his Imagination (naturally sublime, and enlarg'd by reading Romances *, of which He was much inamor'd in his youth,) when it was wholly abstracted from material objects, was more at liberty to make such amazing excursions into the Ideal world, when in composing his Divine Work He was tempted to range

Beyond the visible diurnal sphere.

With so many accomplishments, not to have had some faults, and misfortunes, to be laid in the balance with the fame, and felicity, of writing PARADISE LOST, would have been too great a portion for humanity.

* *His Apology for Smeectymnus*, p. 177. Fol.

ELIJAH FENTON.

Tome I.

c

POSTSCRIPT.

THE works of inferior Geniuses have their infancy, and often receive additions of strength and beauty, in the several Impressions they undergo whilst their authors live: but the following Poem came into the world, like the Persons whom it celebrates, in a state of maturity. However, though in the first Edition it was disposed into Ten Books only, MILTON thought proper in the Second to make a new division of it into Twelve: not, I suppose, with respect to the *Æneis* (for He was, in both senses of the phrase, above Imitation) but more probably, because the length of the Seventh and Tenth requir'd a Pause in the Narration, He divided them, each into Two on which distribution, to the beginning of those Books which are now the Eighth and Twelfth, He added the following Verses which were necessary to make a connection

Book VIII. ver. 1.

*The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a-while*

P O S T S C R I P T.

*Thought him still speaking ; still stood fix'd to
hear :*

Then , as now wak'd , thus gratefully reply'd.

The latter half of the verse was taken from
this in the first Edition.

To whom thus *Adam* gratefully reply'd.

Book XII. ver. 1.

*As one who in his journey hates at noon ,
Though bent on speed : so here th' Arch-Angel
paus'd ,*

*Betwixt the world destroy'd , and world restor'd ;
If Adam ought perhaps might interpose :
Then , with transition sweet , new speech resu-
mes.*

At the same time the Author made some few
additions in other places of the Poem, which
are here inserted for the satisfaction of the
curious.

Book V. p. 155. l. 14.

*" They eat , they drink , and with refection
sweet*

" Are fill'd , before th' all-bounteous King , &c.

P O S T S C R I P T.

were thus enlarg'd in the Second Edition.

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality, and joy, (secure
Of surfeit; where full measure only bounds
Excess) before th'all-bounteous King, &c.

Book XI. p. 58. l. 8. after,

« Intestine stone, and ulcer, cholic-pangs,
these three verses were added.

*Dæmoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy;
Marasmus, and wide wasting pestilence.*

And p. 60. l. 14. of the same Book (which
was originally thus,

« Of rend'ring up. Michael to him reply'd)
receiv'd this addition,

Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. Michael reply'd.

To what I have said in the Life, of our
Author's having no Monument, it may not
be improper to add; that I desir'd a Friend

POSTSCRIPT.

to inquire at St. Giles's Church; where the Sexton shew'd him a small Monument, which he said was suppos'd to be MILTON's; but the inscription had never been legible since he was employ'd in that office, which he has possess'd about Forty Years. This, sure, cou'd never have happen'd in so short a space of time, unless the Epitaph had been industriously eras'd: and that supposition carries with it so much inhumanity, that I think we ought to believe it was not erected to his Memory.



IN
Paradisum Amissam

Summi Poetæ

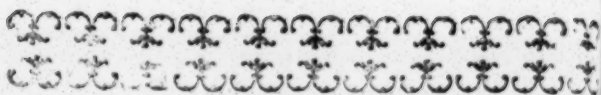
JOANNIS MILTONI.

QUI legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia Magna
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, & cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, & fines, continet iste liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi;
Scribitur & toto quicquid in orbe latet:
Terræque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum,
Sulphureusque Erebi, flammivomusque specus.
Quæque colunt terras, pontumque, & Tartara cæca;
Quæque colunt summi lucida regna poli.
Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam;
Et sine fine Chaos, & sine fine DEUS:
Et sine fine magis, (si quid magis est sine fine)
In CHRISTO erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui speraret, quis crederet esse futura?
Et tamen hæc hodiè terra Britannia legit.
O quantos in bella Duces! quæ protulit arma!
Quæ canit, & quantâ prælia dira tubâ!

Cælestes acies ! atque in certamine cælum !
 Et quæ cælestes pugna deceret agros !
Quantus in ætheriis tollit se Lucifer armis !
 Atque ipso graditur vix Michael minor !
Quantis , & quàm funestis concurritur iris ,
 Dum ferus hic stellas protegit , ille rapit !
Dum vulsos montes , ceu tela reciproca , torquent ;
 Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt ;
Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus ;
 Et metuit pugnae non superesse suæ.
At simul in cælis MESSIÆ insignia fulgent ,
 Et currus animæ , armaque digna DEO ;
Horrendumque rotæ strident , & sæva rotarum
 Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus ;
 Et flammæ vibrant , & vera tonitura rauco :
 Amistis flammis insonuere polo :
Exilit attonitis mens omnis , & impetus omnis ,
 Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt.
At pænas fugiunt , & (ceu foret Orcus asyllum !)
 Infernis certant condere se tenebris.
Cedite Romani Scriptores , cedite Graii ,
 Et quæ Fama recens , vel celebravit anus :
Hæc quicumque legit , tantum cecinisse putabit
 Mæonidem Ranas , Virgilium Culices.

SAM. BARROW. M. D.





O N

PARADISE LOST

W HEN I beheld the Poet blind , yet bold ,
In slender book His vast design unfold :
Messiah crown'd , God's reconcil'd decree ,
Rebelling Angels , the Forbidden Tree ,
Heav'n , Hell , Earth , Chaos , All ! the argument
Held me a-while misdoubting His intent ;
That He would ruin (for I saw Him strong)
The Sacred Truths to fable , and old song ;
(So *Sampson* grop'd the temple's posts in spight)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge His sight .

Yet as I read , soon growing less severe ,
I lik'd His project , the success did fear ;
Through that wide field how he his way should find
O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind ;
Lest He perplex'd the things He would explain ,
And what was easy , He should render vain .

Or , if a work so infinite He spann'd ,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well ,
And by ill imitating would excell)

Might hence presume, the whole creation's day
To change in scenes, and shew it in a Play.

Pardon me, Mighty Poet! nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within Thy labors to pretend a share.
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit;
And all that was improper dost omit:
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance, or theft.

That majesty which through Thy Work doth reign,
Draws the devout, deterring the profane:
And Things Divine Thou treat'st of in such state,
As them preserves, and Thee inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease;
And above human flight dost soar aloft,
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft!
The bird nam'd from that Paradise You sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where could'st Thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind?
Just Heav'n Thee, like *Tiresias*, to requite,
Rewards with prophesy Thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of Thy own sense secure;
While the *Town-Bays* writes all the while and spells;
And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells.
Their fancies like our bushy-points appear,
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.

I too transported by the mode commend ;
And while I mean to praise Thee , must offend.
Thy verse created like Thy Theme sublime ,
In number , weight , and measure , needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVELL



end.

rhyme

ELL

T H E V E R S E.

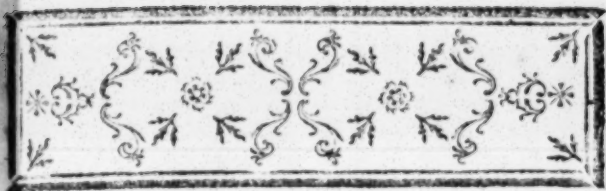
THE measure is English Heroic Verse without Rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rhyme being no necessary adjunct, or true ornament of Poem or good verse; in longer works especially: but the invention of a barbarous age, to set-off wretched matter and lame metre: grac'd indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets carried away by custom; but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, (and for the most part worse) than else they would have express'd them. Not without cause therefore some (both Italian and Spanish) Poets of prime note have reject'd Rhyme, both in longer and shorter works; as have also long since our best English Tragedies; as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of

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no true musical delight : which consists on
in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and
the sense variously drawn out from one verse
into another : not in the jingling sound of the
endings ; a fault avoided by the learned Anti-
quients both in Poetry, and all good Oratory.
This neglect then of Rhyme so little is to be
taken for a defect ; (though it may seem
perhaps to vulgar readers) that it rather
to be esteem'd an example set, (the first in
English,) of antient Liberty recover'd to Heroic
Poem, from the trouble-some and modern
Bondage of Rhyming.



PARADIS



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

This first book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, *man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed.* Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action pass'd over, the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into hell, describ'd here, not in the centre (for heav'n and earth may be

Time I.

A

2 PARADISE LOST. Book. I.

suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurs'd) but in a place of utter darkness, filiest call'd Chaos : Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonish'd, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him : they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions who lay 'till then in the same manner confounded : they rise ; their numbers, array of battel, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan, and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven : but tells them lastly of a new world ; and new kind of creature to be created ; according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven : that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full councill. What he associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep : the infernal peers then sit in council.

OF Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of *Eden*, till one Greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heav'nly Muse! that on the secret top
Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heav'ns, and earth,
Rose out of *Chaos*. Or if *Sion* hill
Delight thee more, ad *Silva's* brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song:
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' *Aonian* mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit! that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st: thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings out-spread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine! what is low, raise and support!
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, (for heav'n hides nothing from thy
view,

4 PARADISE LOST. Book. I.

Nor the deep tract of hell \ say first what cause
 Mov'd our grand Parents, in that happy state
 Favour'd of heav'n so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress His will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
 Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
 Th' infernal serpent! he it was, whose guile,
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host
 Of rebel Angels: by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his Peers,
 He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
 If He oppos'd: and with ambitious aim,
 Against the throne, and monarchy of God,
 Rais'd impious war in heav'n, and battel proud,
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Pow'r
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition: there to dwell
 In adamantin chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
 Nine times the space that measures day and night
 To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded though immortal! But his doom
 Reserv'd him to more wrath: for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness, and lasting pain,
 Torments him: Round he throws his baleful eyes,
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,

Book. I. PARADISE LOST. 3

Mix'd with obdurate pride, and stedfast hate.
 At once, as far as angels ken, he views.
 The dismal situation waste and wild :
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
 As one great furnace, flam'd : yet from those flames
 no light,
 No light, but rather darkness visible,
 Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow ! doleful shades ! where peace
 And rest can never dwell ! hope never comes,
 That comes to all : but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd !
 Such place eternal justice had prepar'd
 For those rebellious ; here their prison ordain'd,
 In utter darkness ; and their portion set
 As far remov'd from God, and light of heav'n,
 As from the centre thrice to th' utmost Pole.
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell !
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire :
 He soon discerns : and wett'ring by his side
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in *Palæstine*, and nam'd
Belzebub : To whom th' arch-enemy,
 (And thence in heav'n call'd *Satan*) with bold
 words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.
 If thou beest He But O how fall'n ! how
 chang'd

6 PARADISE LOST. I. Book.

From him, who in the happy realms of light
Cloath'd with transcendent brightness, didst out-
shine

Myriads tho' bright ! If He, whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope :
And hazard in the glorious enterprize,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin ! Into what pit thou see'st,
From what height fall'n ; so much the stronger
prov'd

He with his thunder ! and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms ? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change
(Though chang'd in outward lustre) that fix'd mind
And high disdain, from sense of injur'd merit :
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend :
An to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign : and me preferring,
His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd,
In dubious battel on the plains of heav'n,
And shook his throne. What tho' the field be lost !
All is not lost ; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield ;
(And what is else not to be overcome ?)
That glory never shall His wrath or might
Extort from me, to bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deifie His pow'r,

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 7

Who from the terror of this arm so late
 Doubted His empire. That were low indeed !
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath
 This downfall ! since (by fate) the strength of Gods,
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail ;
 Since through experience of this great event,
 (In arms not wofe , in foresight much advanc'd ,)
 We may , with more successful hope , resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal war ,
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe :

Who now triumphs , and in th' excess of joy
 Sole reigning , holds the tyranny of heav'n.
 So spake th' apostate Angel , though in pain ;
 Vaunting aloud , but rack'd with deep despair :
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.

O Prince ! O chief of many throned Powers ,
 That led th' imbattell'd Seraphim to war
 Under thy conduct ! and in dreadful deeds
 Fearless , indanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,
 And put to proof His high supremacy :
 Whether upheld by strength , or chance , or fate ;
 Too well I see and rue the dire event ,
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
 Hath lost us heav'n : and all this mighty host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low ,
 As far as Gods , and heav'nly essences ,
 Can perish : for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible , and vigor soon returns ,
 Though all our glory extinct , and happy state ;
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery !

8 PARADISE LOST. Book. I.

But what if He our conqu'ror (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as
ours)

Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains;
That we may so suffice His vengeful ire,
Or do Him mightier service, as His thralls
By right of war, whate'er His business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do His errands in the gloomy Deep?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal Being,
To undergo eternal punishment?

Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.
Fall'n Cherub! to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task;
But ever to do ill our sole delight:
As being the contrary to his High will
Whom we resist. If then His Providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil:
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve Him, (if I fail not,) and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
But see! the angry victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit,
Back to the gates of heav'n: the sulph'rous hail

Book I. PARADISE LOST.

Shot after us in storm, o'er-blown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling: and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury, yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, fadorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? thither let us tend.
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there:
And re-assembling our afflicted pow'rs,
Consult how we may hence forth most offend
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood: in bulk as huge,
As whom the fables name, of monstrous size,
Bitanian, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,
Tirareus, or *Typhon*, whom the den
By ancient *Tarsus* held; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works

TO PARADISE LOST. Book I.

Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream :
(Him , haply slumb'ring on the *Norway* foam ,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff ,
Deeming some island , oft , as seamen tell ,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind ,
Moors by his side under the Lee , while night
Invests the sea , and wished morn delays.)
So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning lake : nor ever thence
Had ris'n , or heav'd his head , but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling heaven ,
Left him at large to his own dark designs :
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation , while he sought
Evil to others ; and enrag'd might see ,
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness , grace , and mercy shewn
On man by him seduc'd : but on himself
Treble confusion , wrath , and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature ; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires , and
rowl'd
In billows , leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft , incumbent on the dusky air ,
That felt unusual weight : till on dry land
He lights , if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid , as the lake with liquid fire :
And such appear'd in hue , as when the force

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 11

Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd side
Of thund'ring *Ætna*, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest'd feet! Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'scap'd the *Strygian* flood,
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength;
Not by the suff'rance of supernal pow'r.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
(Said then the lost Arch-Angel) this the seat,
That we must change for heav'n? this mournful
gloom

For that celestial light? be it so: since He
Who now is Sov'reign can dispose, and bid
What shall be right: farthest from Him is best,
Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made su-
preme

Above his equals. Farewel happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! hail horrors! hail
Infernal world! and thou profoundest hell
Receive thy new possessor! One, who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than He
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least

32 PARADISE LOST. Book I.

We shall be free ; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for His envy ; will not drive us hence ;
Here we may reign secure ; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition , tho' in hell :
Better to reign in 'hell , than serve in heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss ,
Lye thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool ,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion : or once more
With rallied arms to try , what may be yet
Regain'd in heav'n , or what more lost in hell ?

So Satan spake , and him Beelzebub
Thus answer'd : Leader of those armies bright ,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have sold
If once they hear that voice , their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers , heard so oft
In worst extremes , and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd , in all assaults
Their surest signal , they will soon resume
New courage , and revive , tho' now they lye
Gro'ling and prostrate on yon lake of fire ,
(As we erewhile ,) astounded and amaz'd ;
No wonder , fall'n such a pernicious height !

He scarce had ceas'd , when the superior fiend
Was moving tow'rd the shore : his pond'rous shield
Ethereal temper , massie , large and round ,
Behind him cast ; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon , whose orb
Thro' optic glass the Tuscan artist views

Book I. PARADISE LOST. -13

At ev'ning, from the top of *Fefale*,
 Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new lands,
 Rivers, or moutains, on her spotty globe.
 His spear, (to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on *Norwegian* hills, to be the mast
 Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand)
 He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marle (not like those steps
 On heaven's azure!) and the torrid clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
 Nathless he so indur'd, till on the beach
 Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
 His legions, Angel-forms, who lay intrans'd,
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
 In *Vallombrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* shades,
 High over-arch'd imbrow'r; or scatter'd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce winds *Orion* arm'd
 Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'er-
 threw

Busiris, and his *Memphian* chivalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
 The sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld
 From the safe shoar their floating, carcasses,
 And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,
 Albest and lost lay these, covering the flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change.
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep
 Of hell resounded: Princes, Potentates,
 Warriors, the flow'r of heav'n! once yours, now
 lost,

14 PARADISE LOST. Book I.

If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal spirits : or have ye chos'n this place
 After the toil of battel to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
 To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 T'adore the conqueror? who now beholds
 Cherub and Seraph rowling in the flood,
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns; till anon
 His swift pursuers from heav'n-gates discern
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
 Thus drooping; or with linked thunder-bolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulph.
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n!

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
 Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
 Rouze and bestir themselves ere well awake.
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
 Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd,
 Innumerable! As when the potent Rod
 Of *Amram's* son, in *Ægypt's* evil day,
 Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
 That o'er the realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
 So numberless were those bad Angels, seen
 Hov'ring on wing under the cope of hell,
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires:

Till, as a signal giv'n, th' up-listed spear
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct
 Their course, in even ballance down they light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:
 A multitude! like which the populous north
 Fear'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
 Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
 Forthwith from ev'ry squadron, and each band,
 The Heads and Leaders thither haste where stood
 Their great Commander; God-like shapes and forms
 Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
 And Pow'rs! that earst in heaven sat on thrones;
 Tho' of their names in heav'nly records now
 Be no memorial; blotted out and ras'd,
 By their rebellion, from the books of life.
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
 Got them new names; 'till wand'ring o'er the
 earth,
 Thro' God's high sufferance for the tryal of man,
 By falsities and lies the greatest part
 Of mankind they corrupted, to forsake
 God their Creator, and th' invisible
 Glory of Him that made them, to transform
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
 With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
 And Devils to adore for Deities:
 Then were they known to men by various names,
 And various idols thro' the heathen world.

16 PARADISE LOST. Book. I.

Say, Muse, their names then known; who first
who last,

Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood, on the bare strand.
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof:
The chief were those who, from the pit of hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst sit
Their seats long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by His altar, Gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of *Sion*, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within His sanctu'ry it self their shrines,
Abominations! and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First *Moloch*, horrid King, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears;
Tho', for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that pass thro' his
Tho his grim idol. Him the *Ammonite*
Worship'd in *Rabba*, and her wat'ry plain,
In *Argob*, and in *Basan*, to the stream
Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of *Solomon* he led by fraud, to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On the opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant valley of *Hinnon*, Tophet thence

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 17

And black *Gebenna* call'd, the type of hell.
 Next *Chemos*, th' obscene dread of *Moab's* sons,
 From *Aroar* to *Nebo*, and the Wild
 Of fourhinost *Abarim*; in *Hesebon*
 And *Horonaim*, *Seon's* realm, beyond
 The flow'ry dale of *Sibma*, clad with vines;
 And *Eleale* to th' *Asphaltic* pool:
 For his other name, when he entic'd
Israel in *Sittim*, on their march from *Nile*,
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
 Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd
 Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
 Of *Moab* homicide; lust hard by hate;
 Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to hell.
 With these came they, who from the bord'ring

flood

Of old *Euphrates*, to the brook that parts
Egypt from *Syrian* ground, had general names
 Of *Baalim*, and *Ashtaroth*; those male,
 These feminine: (For spirits when they please
 Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
 And uncompounded is their essence pure;
 Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
 Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they chuse,
 Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
 Can execute their airy purposes,
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.)
 For those the race of *Israel* oft forsook
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left

Tomel.

L

18 PARADISE LOST. Book I.

His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
 To bestial Gods ; for which their heads as low
 Bow'd down in battel , sunk before the spear
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop
 Came *Astoreth* , whom the *Phœnicians* call'd
Astarte , Queen of heaven , with crescent horns ;
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon ,
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs ;
 In *Sion* also not unsung , where stood
 Her temple on th' offensive mountain , built
 By that uxorious King , whose heart , tho' large,
 Beguil'd by fair idolatresses , fell
 To idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind ,
 Whose annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd
 The *Syrian* damsels , to lament his fate
 In am'rous ditties all a summer's day ;
 While smooth *Adonis* from his native rock
 Ran purple to the sea , suppos'd with blood
 Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded : the love-tale
 Infected *Sion's* daughters with like heat ;
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw , when , by the vision led ,
 His eyes survey'd the dark idolatries
 Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one
 Who mourn'd in earnest , when the captive *Ark*
 Maim'd his brute image , head and hands lop'd off
 In his own temple , on the grunsel edge ,
 Where he fell flat , and sham'd his worshippers
Dagon his Name ; Sea-Monster ! upwatd man
 And downwatd fish : yet had his temple high

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 19

Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the coast
 Of *Palestine*, in *Gath*, and *Ascalon*,
 And *Accaron*, and *Gaza's* frontier bounds.
 Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful seat
 Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertil banks
 Of *Abbana*, and *Pharphar*, lucid streams:
 He also against the house of God was bold:
 A leper once he lost, and gain'd a King,
Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
 God's altar to disparage, and displace,
 For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn
 His odious off'rings, an adore the Gods
 Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
 A crew, who under names of old renown,
Osiris, *Isis*, *Orus*, and their train,
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
 Fanatic *Egypt*, and her priests, to seek
 Their wandering Gods disguis'd in brutish forms,
 Rather than human. Nor did *Israel* 'scape
 Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
 The calf in *Oreb*; and the rebel King
 Doubled that sin in *Bethel*, and in *Dan*,
 Lik'ning his Maker to the grazed ox,
Jehovah! Who in one night when he pass'd
 From *Egypt* marching, equal'd with one stroke
 Both her first-born and all her bleating Gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
 Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for itself: to him no temple stood,
 Or altar smok'd; yet who more d than he

20 PARADISE LOST. Book I.

In temples, and at altars; when the priest
Turns atheist, as did *Ely's* sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God;
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest tow'rs,
And injury and outrage; and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine:
Witness the streets of *Sam*, and that night
In *Gibeah*, when the hospitable door
Expos'd a matron, to avoid worse rape.

These were the prime, in order and in might,
The rest were long to tell, tho' far renown'd,
Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javan's* issue, held
Gods, yet confess'd later than heav'n and earth,
Their boasted parents. *Titan*, (heav'n's first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd
By younger *Saturn*: he from mightier *Jove*,
(His own and *Rhea's* son,) like measure found;
So *Jove* usurping reign'd: these first in *Crete*,
And *Libya* known; thence on the snowy top
Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle air,
Their highest heav'n; or on the *Delphian* cliff,
Or in *Dodona*, and thro' all the bounds
Of *Doric* land; or who with *Saturn* old
Fled over *Adria* to th' *Hesperian* fields,
And o'er the *Celtick* roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with
looks

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 21

Down-cast and damp ; yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy , to have found their
Chief

Not in despair , to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself ; which on his count'nance cast
Like doubtful hue : but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting , with high words , that bore
Semblance of worth , not substance , gently rais'd
Their fainting courage , and dispell'd their fears.
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud , and clarions , be uprear'd
His mighty standard : that proud honor claim'd
Aqueel as his right , a Cherub tall ;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial ensign ; which , full high avanc'd ,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind ,
With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd ,
Seraphic arms and trophies ; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds :
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave ; and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment thro' the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air ,
With orient Colours waving : with them rose
A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms
Appear'd , and serried shields in thick array ,
Of depth immeasurable : anon they move
In perfect Phalanx , to the *Dorian* mood
Of flutes , and soft recorders ; such as rais'd

20 PARADISE LOST. Book I.

In temples, and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did *Ely's* sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God;
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest tow'rs,
And injury and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine:
Witness the streets of *Solom*, and that night
In *Gibeah*, when the hospitable door
Expos'd a matron, to avoid worse rape.

These were the prime, in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, tho' far renown'd,
Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javan's* issue, held
Gods, yet confess'd later than heav'n and earth,
Their boasted parents. *Titan*, (heav'n's first-born,)
With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd
By younger *Saturn*: he from mightier *Jove*,
(His own and *Rhea's* son,) like measure found;
So *Jove* usurping reign'd: these first in *Crete*,
And *Ila* known; thence on the snowy top
Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle air,
Their highest heav'n; or on the *Delphian* clif,
Or in *Dodona*, and thro' all the bounds
Of *Doric* land; or who with *Saturn* old
Fled over *Adria* to th' *Hesperian* fields,
And o'er the *Celtick* roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking, but with
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22 PARADISE LOST. Book I.

To height of noblest temper Heroes old
 Arming to battel ; and instead of rage ,
 Deliberate valor breath'd , firm , and unmov'd
 With dread of death to flight , or foul retreat ;
 Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and swage ,
 With solemn touches , troubled thoughts , and chaste
 Anguish , and doubt , and fear , and sorrow , and pain ,
 From mortal or immortal minds . Thus they
 Breathing united force , with fixed thought
 Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes , that charm'd
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil : and now
 Advanc'd in view , they stand , a horrid front
 Of dreadful length , and dazzling arms , in guise
 Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield ,
 Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
 Had to impose : he thro' the armed files
 Darts his experienc'd eye , and soon traverse
 The whole battalion views their order due ;
 Their visages and stature as of Gods ;
 Their number last he sums . And now his heart
 Distends with pride , and hard'ning in his strength
 Glories : for never since created , man
 Met such imbodied force , as nam'd with these
 Could merit more than that small infantry
 Warr'd on by cranes ; tho' all the Giant brood
 Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroic race were join'd ,
 That fought at *Thebes* and *Ilium* on each side ,
 Mix'd with auxiliar Gods : and what resounds
 In fable or romance of *Uther's* son ,
 Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights ;

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 23

And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
 Jousted in *Aspramont*, or *Montalban*,
Damasco, or *Morocco*, or *Trebijond*;
 Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* shoar,
 When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell
 By *Fontarabbia*. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
 Their dread commander: he, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tow'r: his form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd
 Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess
 Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun new-ris'n
 Looks thro' the horizontal misty air,
 Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs; darken'd so, yet shone
 Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face
 Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and confid'rate pride
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
 (Far other once beheld in bliss!) condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain;
 Millions of spirits, for his fault amerc'd
 Of heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung
 For his revolt; yet faithful how they stood,

24 PARADISE LOST. Book I.

Their glory wither'd : as when heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, tho' bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd
To speak, whereat their doubl'd ranks they bore
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his Peers : attention held them mute :
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth ; at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

O myriads of immortal spirits ! O Pow'rs
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that spirit
Was not inglorious, tho' th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter : but what pow'r of mind,
Foreseeing, or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse
For who can yet believe, tho' after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend,
Self-rai'd, and re-possess their native seat ?
For me be witness all the host of heav'n,
If counsels different, or danger shun'd
By me, have lost our hopes : but he who reigns
Monarch in heav'n, till then as one secure
Sate on His throne, upheld by old renown,
Consent, or custom, and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still His strength conceal'd,

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 25

Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth His might we know, and know our own;
So as not either to provoke, or drea
New war, provok'd. Our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that He no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rise
There went a fame in heav'n, that He ere-long
Intended to create; and therein plant
A generation, whom His choice regard
Should favor equal to the sons of heav'n:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' Abyfs
Long under darkness cover... But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: Peace is despair'd,
For who can think submission? War then, war
Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim: the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell; highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heav'n.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rowling smoke; the rest entire,

26 PARADISE LOST. Book I.

Shone with a glossy scurf; (undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallick ore,
 The work of sulphur) thither wing'd with speed
 A numerous brigad hasten'd : as when bands
 Of pioneers, with spade and pickax arm'd,
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
 Or cast a Rampart : *Mammon* led them on,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
 From heav'n : for ev'n in heav'n looks and thoughts
 Were always downward bent ; admiring more
 The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
 Than ought divine or holy else, enjoy'd
 Il vision beatific : by him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
 Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
 Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
 Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
 And dig'd out ribs of gold. (Let none admire
 That riches grow in hell ; that soil may best
 Deserve the precious bane.) And here let those
 Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
 Of *Babel*, and the works of *Memphian* Kings,
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
 And strength, and art, are easily out-done
 By spirits reprobate, and in an hour,
 What in an age they with incessant toil,
 And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
 Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire

Sluc'd from the lake, a second multitude
 With wondrous art found out the massy ore;
 Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground
 A various mold; and from the boiling cells
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook:
 As in an Organ, from one blast of wind,
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breaths,
 Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet;
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars, overlaid
 With golden architrave: nor did there want
 Cornice, or freeze, with bossy sculptures grav'n;
 The roof was fretted gold. Not *Babylon*,
 Nor great *Alcairo*, such magnificence
 Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus, or *Serapis*, their Gods; or seat
 Their Kings, when *Aegypt* with *Assyria* strove
 In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
 Stood fixt her stately height: and strait the doors
 Op'ning their brazen folds, discover wide
 Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
 And level pavement: from the arched roof,
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
 Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed
 With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus*, yielded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,

28 PARADISE LOST. Book I.

And some the architect : his hand was known
 In heav'n by many a towred structure high,
 Where sceptred angels held their residence,
 And sat as Princes ; whom the supreme King
 Exalted to such pow'r, and grave to rule,
 Each in his Hierarchy, the Orders bright :
 Nor was his name unheard, or unador'd,
 In ancient *Greece* ; and in *Ausonian* land
 Men call'd him *Mulciber* ; and how he fell
 From heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry *Jove*
 Sheer o'er the chrystal battlements ; from morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day ; and with the setting sun
 Drop'd from the Zenith like a falling star,
 On *Lemnos* th' *Ægean* isle : thus they relate,
 Erring ; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before ; nor ought avail'd him now
 T'have built in heav'n high tow'rs ; nor did he scape
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent
 With his industrious crew to build in hell.

Mean while the winged heralds by command
 Of sov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony
 And trumpets sound, throughout the host proclaim
 A solemn council forthwith to be held
 At *Pandæmonium*, the high Capital
 Of *Satan* and his Peers : their summons call'd,
 From every band and squared regiment,
 By place or choice the worthiest, they anon
 With hundreds, and with thousands, trooping came
 Attended : all access was throng'd : the gates

Book I. PARADISE LOST. 29

And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
 (Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
 Wont ride in arm'd, and at the *Soldan's* Chair
 Desi'd the best of *Panim* chivalry
 To mortal combat, or carriere with lance)
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground, and in the air,
 Brush'd with the his of rustling wings. As bees
 In spring time, when the sun with *Taurus* rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
 In clusters; they among fresh dews, and flow'r's,
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
 (The suburb of their straw-built cittadel,)
 New rub'd with baulm, expatiate, and confer
 Their state-affairs: so thick the acry crowd
 Swarm'd, and were streighten'd; till the signal giv'n:
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
 In Bigness to surpass Earth's Giant sons,
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
 Throng numberless, like that *Pygmean* race
 Beyond the *Indian* mount; or Fairy Elves;
 Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
 Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees; while over-head the moon
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
 Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and
 dance
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear:
 At once with joy, and fear, his heart rebounds.
 Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
 Reduc'd their shapes immense; and were at large,

30 PARADISE LOST. Book I.

Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords, and Cherubim,
In close recess, and secret conclave sat;
A thousand Demi-Gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full! After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

The end of the first Book.





PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is prefer'd, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan their Chief undertakes alone the voyage; is honor'd and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations

32 PARADISE LOST Book II.

lead them, to entertain the time 'till
Satan return. He passes on his journey to
hell gates, finds them shut, and who sat
there to guard them, by whom at length
they are open'd, and discover to him the
great gulph between hell and heaven:
with what difficulty he passes through,
directed by Chaos, the Power of that
place, to the sight of this new world which
he sought.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of *Ormus*, and of *Ind*;
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Show'rs on her Kings *Barbaric* pearl, and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence: and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high; insatiate to pursue
Vain war with heav'n; and by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus display'd.

Powers, and Dominions, Deities of heav'n!
(For since no Deep within her gulph can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not heav'n for lost: from this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.)
Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of heav'n

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 33

Did first create your Leader ; next, free choice ;
 With what besides, in council or in fight,
 Hath been achiev'd of merit : yet this loss
 Thus far at least recover'd , hath much more
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In heav'n, which follows dignity , might draw
 Envy from each inferior : but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
 Your bulwark ; and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain ? Where there is then no good
 For which to strive , no strife can grow up there
 From faction : for none sure will claim in hell
 Precedence ; none , whose portion is so small
 Of present pain , that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more ! With this advantage then
 To union , and firm faith , and firm accord ,
 More than can be in heav'n, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assur'd us : and by what best way,
 Whether of open war, or covert guile ,
 We now debate : who can advise may speak.
 He ceas'd ; and next him *Moloch*, sceptred King,
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
 That fought in heav'n, now fiercer by despair :
 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
 Equal in strength, and rather than be less,
 Car'd not to be at all ; with that care lost

34 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

Went all his fear : of God, or hell, or worse ,
He reck'd not ; and these words thereafter spake :

My sentence is for open war : of wiles ,
More unexpert , I boast not : them let those
Contrive who need ; or when they need , not now :
For while they sit contriving , shall the rest ,
Millions that stand in arms , and longing wait
The signal to ascend , sit ling'ring here
Heav'n's fugitives , and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame ,
The prison of His tyranny who reigns
By our delay ? No ! let us rather chuse ,
Arm'd with hell flames and fury , all at once
O'er heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way ,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer : when to meet the noise
Of His Almighty engin He shall hear
Infernal thunder ; and for lightning , see
Black fire , and horror , shot with equal rage
Among His Angels : and His throne itself
Mixt with *Tartarean* sulphur , and strange fire ,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult , and steep , to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them , (if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still)
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat : descent and fall
To us is adverse. Whe but felt of late ,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken Rere

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 35

Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,
With what compulsion, and laborious flight,
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then;
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way His wrath may find
To our destruction: (if there be in hel
Fear to be worse destroy'd) What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, con-
demn'd

In this abhorred deep to utter woe!
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us, without hope of end,
The vassals of His anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? more destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which to the height enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal Being.
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing: and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb His heav'n,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, His fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desperate revenge, and battel dangerous

36 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

To less than Gods. On th' other side uprose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane :
 A fairer person lost not heav'n ; he seem'd
 For dignity compos'd, and high exploit :
 But all was false and hollow : though his tongue
 Drop'd Manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels ; for his thoughts were low :
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
 Timorous, and slothful : yet he pleas'd the ear,
 And wit persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open war, O Peers,
 As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,
 Did not dissuade me most ; and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success ;
 When he who most excels in fact of arms,
 In what he counsels, and in what excels,
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
 First, what revenge ? The tow'rs of heav'n are fill'd
 With armed watch, that render all access
 Impregnable : oft on the bordering Deep
 Encamp their legions ; or with obscure wing,
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
 Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
 With blackest insurrection, to confound
 Heav'n's purest light ; yet our great enemy,

All incorruptible, would on His throne
 Sit unpolluted; and th' ethereal mold
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate
 Th' Almighty Victor to spend all His rage,
 And that must end us; that must be our cure
 To be no more. . . . Sad cure! for who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual Being;
 Those thoughts, that wander through eternity;
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
 (Let this be good) whether our angry foe
 Can give it, or will ever: how He can,
 Is doubtful; that He never will, is sure.
 Will He, so wise, let loose at once His ire,
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,
 To give His enemies their wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom His anger saves
 To punish endless? . . . Wherefore cease we then?
 Ourselves they who counsel war; We are decreed,
 Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe:
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more;
 What can we suffer worse? . . . Is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
 What! when we fled amain, pursu'd, and strook
 With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
 Deep to shelter us? This hell then seem'd

38 PARADISE LOST, Book II.

A refuge from these wounds. Or, when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? That sure was worse
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awak'd, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? Or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire?
Impendent horrors! threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads: while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds: or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrap'd in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades: for what can force or guile
With Him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from heav'n's
height

All these our motions vain, sees and derides:
Not more almighty to resist our might,
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heav'n
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse

Book. II. PARADISE LOST. 39

By my advice ; since fate inevitable
 Subdues us , and omnipotent decree ;
 The victor's will. To suffer , as to do ,
 Our strength is equal , nor the law unjust
 That so ordains : this was at first resolv'd
 If we were wise , against so great'a foe
 Contending , and so doubtful what might fall.
 I laugh , when those who at the spear are bold
 And vent'rous , if that fail them , shrink , and fear
 What yet they know must follow , to endure
 Exile , or ignominy , or bonds , or pain ,
 The sentence of their conqueror : This is now
 Our doom ! which if we can sustain and bear ,
 Our supreme foe , in time , may much remit
 His anger : and perhaps thus far remov'd ,
 Not mind us not offending , satisfy'd
 With what is punish'd : whence these raging fires
 Will slacken , if his breath stir not their flames.
 Our purer essence then will overcome
 Their noxious vapor ; or enur'd , not feel ;
 Or chang'd at length , and to the place conform'd
 In temper , and in nature , will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat , and void of pain.
 This horror will grow mild , this darkest , light :
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight
 Of future days may bring , what chance , what change
 Worth waiting , since our present lot appears
 For happy , though but ill ; for ill , not worst ;
 If we procure not to our selves more woe.
 Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in reason's garb

40 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace : and after him thus *Mammon* spake.

Either to diſenthroneth the King of heav'n
We war, if war be beſt, or to regain
Our own right loſt : Him to unthroneth we then
May hope, when everlaſting Fate ſhall yield
To ſickle Chance, and *Chaos* judge the ſtrife :
The former vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter : for what place can be for us
Within heav'n's bound, unleſs heav'n's Lord
preme

We over-power ? Suppose He ſhould relent
And publiſh grace to all, on promiſe made
Of new ſubjection : with what eyes could we
Stand in His preſence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate His throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead ſing
Forc'd Hallelujahs ? while He lordly ſits
Our envy'd Sov'reign, and His altar breathes
Ambroſial odors, and Ambroſial flow'rs,
Our ſervile offerings ! This muſt be our task
In heav'n, this our delight ; how wearifome
Eternity ſo ſpent, in worſhip paid
To whom we hate ! Let us not then purſue
By force impoſſible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in heav'n, our ſtate
Of ſplendid vaſſalage : but rather ſeek
Our own good from ourſelves, and from ourſelves
Live to ourſelves ; though in this vaſt receſs,
Free, and to none accountable ; preferring

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 41

Hard liberty before the easie yoke
 Of servile pomp.—Our greatness will appear
 Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
 We can create; and in what place so'er
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
 Through labor and indurance. This deep world
 Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst
 Thick clouds and dark, doth heav'n's all-ruling Sire
 Chuse to reside, His glory unobscur'd?
 And with the majesty of darkness round
 Covers His throne; from whence deep thunders roar
 Must'ring their rage, and heav'n resembles hell?
 As He our darkness, cannot we His light
 Imitate whe we please? This desert soil
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems, and gold;
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
 Magnificence; and what can heav'n shew more?
 Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our elements; these piercing fires
 As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
 Into their temper; which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain. All things invite
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
 Of order, how in safety best we may
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are, and were; dismissing quite
 All thoughts of war... Ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain

42 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
 Had rouz'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance,
 Or pinnacle, anchors in a craggy bay
 After the tempest: such applause was heard
 As *Mammon* ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
 Advising peace. For, such another field
 They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
 Of thunder, and the sword of *Michael*,
 Wrought still within them; and no less desire
 To found this nether empire, which might rise,
 By policy, and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to heav'n.
 Which when *Beelzebub* perceiv'd (than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat) with grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state: deep on his front engraven,
 Deliberation sat, and public care;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestic though in ruin! sage he stood,
 With *Atlantean* shoulders fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
 Drew audience, and attention still as night,
 Or summer's noon-tide air; while thus he spake.

Thrones, and Imperial Pow'rs, offspring of heav'n
 Ethereal virtues! or these titles now
 Must we renounce, and changing style, be call'd
 Princes of Hell? For, so the popular vote
 Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
 A growing empire: doubtless! while we dream,

Book. II. PARADISE LOST. 43

And know not that the King of heav'n hath doom'd
 This place our dungeon ; not our safe retreat
 Beyond his potent arm , to live exempt
 From heav'n's high jurisdiction , in new league
 Banded against His throne : but to remain
 In strictest bondage , though thus far remov'd ,
 Under th' inevitable curb , reserv'd
 His captive multitude : for He , be sure ,
 In height , or depth , still first and last will reign
 Sole King , and of His kingdom lose no part
 By our revolt ; but over hell extend
 His empire , and with iron sceptre rule
 Us here , as with his golden those in heav'n.
 What sit we then projecting peace and war ?
 War hath determin'd us , and foil'd with loss
 Irreparable ; terms of peace yet none
 Vouchsaf'd , or sought : for what peace will be giv'n
 To us enslav'd , but custody severe ,
 And stripes , and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted ? and what peace can we return ?
 But , to our pow'r , hostility , and hate ,
 Untam'd reluctance , and revenge ; though slow ,
 Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
 May reap His conquest ; and may least rejoice
 In doing ; what we most in suffering feel ?
 Nor will occasion want , nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition , to invade
 Heav'n , whose high walls fear no assault or siege ,
 Or ambush from the Deep : what if we find
 Some easier enterprize ? There is a place ,

44 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

(If ancient and prophetic fame in heav'n
Err not) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd Man ; about this time
To be created like to us , though less
In pow'r and excellence , but favor'd more
Of Him who rules above : so was His will
Pronounc'd among the Gods , and by an oath ,
That shook heav'n's whole circumference , con-
firm'd.

Thither let us bend all our thoughts , to learn
What creatures there inhabit , of what mold ,
Or substance , how endu'd , and what their pow'r,
And where their weakness , how attempted best,
By force , or subtilty. Though heav'n be shut ,
And heav'n's high arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength , this place may lie expos'd ,
The utmost border of His kingdom , left
To their defence who hold it : here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
By sudden onset , either with hell fire
To waste His whole creation ; or possess
All as our own , and drive (as we were driv'n)
The puny habitants ; or if not drive ,
Seduce them to our party , that their God
May prove their foe , and with repenting hand
Abolish His own works. This would surpass
Common revenge , and interrupt his joy
In our confusion , and our joy upraise
In His disturbance ; when His darling sons ,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us , shall curse

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 45

Their frail original, and faded bliss :
 Faded so soon ! Advise if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain empires Thus *Beelzebub*
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd
 By *Satan*, and in part propos'd : for whence,
 But from the author of all ill, could spring
 So deep a malice, to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great Creator ? But their spite still serves
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
 Sparkled in all their eyes ; with full assent
 They vote : whereat his speech he thus renews.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
 Synod of Gods ! and, like to what ye are,
 Great things resolv'd : which from the lowest deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of Fate,
 Nearer our ancient seat : perhaps in view
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring
 arms,

And opportune excursion, we may chance
 Re-enter heav'n : or else, in some mild Zone
 Dwell not unvisited of heav'n's fair light,
 Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam
 Surge off this gloom : the soft delicious air,
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
 Shall breathe her balm . . . But first whom shall we
 send

46 PARADISE LOST. II. Book.

In search of this new world ; whom shall we find
Sufficient ? Who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark , unbottom'd , infinite Abyfs ,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way ; or spread his acry flight ,
Up-born with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt , e'er he arrive
The happy isle ? What strength , what art can then
Suffice , or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries , and stations thick
Of angels watching round ? Here he had need
All circumspection ; and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage : for , on whom we send ,
The weight of all , and our last hope , relies .

This said , he sat ; and expectation held
His look suspense , awaiting who appear'd
To second or oppose , or undertake
The perilous attempt : but all sat mute ,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts ; and each
In others count'nance read his own dismay ,
Astonish'd ! None , among the choice and prime
Of those heav'n-warring champions , could be found
So hardy , as to proffer , or accept
Alone , the dreadful voyage : till at last
Satan , whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows , with monarchal pride
(Conscious of highest worth) unmov'd thus spake

O Progeny of heav'n , empyreal Thrones !
With reason hath deep silence , and demur ,
Seiz'd us , though undismay'd : long is the way

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 47.

And hard, that out of hell leads up to light :
 Our prison strong ; this huge convex of fire ,
 Outragious to devour , immures us round
 Ninefold : and gates of burning adamant
 Barr'd over us , prohibit all egress.
 These pass'd (if any pass) the void profound
 Of unessential night receives him next
 Wide gaping ! and with utter loss of Being
 Threatens him , plung'd in that abortive gulf.
 If thence he scape into whatever world ,
 Or unknown region , what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers , and as heard escape ?
 But I should ill become this throne , O Peers !
 And this imperial sov'reignty , adorn'd
 With splendor , arm'd with pow'r , if ought propos'd
 And judg'd of public moment , in the shape
 Of difficulty , or danger , could deter
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
 These Royalties , and not refuse to reign ,
 Refusing to accept as great a share
 Of hazard , as of honor , due alike
 To him who reigns , and so much to him due
 Of hazard more , as he above the rest
 High-honor'd sits ? Go therefore , mighty Pow'rs !
 Terror of heav'n , though fall'n ! intend at home ,
 While here shall be our home) what best may ease
 The present misery , and render hell
 More tolerable : if there be cure , or charm ,
 Respite , or deceive , or slack the pain
 Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch

48 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad,
Through all the coasts of dark destruction, seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize
None shall partake with me . . . Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply:
Prudent, lest, from his resolution rais'd,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd;
And so refus'd, might in opinion stand
His rivals; winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But the
Dreaded not more th' adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'ards him they bent
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the highest in heav'n:
Nor fail'd they so express how much they prais'd
That for the general safety he despis'd
His own: (for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites
Or close ambition vanish'd o'er with zeal.)
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief:
As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'er-spread
Heav'n's chearful face, the low'ring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or show'
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet

Exit

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 49

Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heav'nly grace: and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That, day and night, for his destruction wait.

The *Strygian* council thus dissolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers:
Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd
Alone th' antagonist of heav'n, nor less
Than hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme,
And God-like imitated state. Him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd,
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then, of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal sound the great result:
Tow'rd the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
By herald's voice explain'd: the hollow Abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
With deafning shout return'd them loud acclaim:
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat

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50 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Pow'rs
 Disband, and wand'ring, each his several way
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
 The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.
 Part on the plain, or in the air sublime
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
 As at th' *Olympian* games, or *Pythian* fields :
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.
 As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
 Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
 To battel in the clouds ; before each van
 Prick forth the aery Knights, and couch their spears
 Till thickest legions close ; with feathers of arms
 From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.
 Others, with vast *Typhaean* rage, more fell !
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
 In whirlwind : hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
 As when *Alcides* from *Oechalia* crown'd
 With conquest, felt th' invenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots *Thessalian* pines ;
 And *Lichas* from the top of *Oeta* threw
 Into th' *Euboic* Sea. Others more mild,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes Angelical to many a harp
 Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
 By doom of battel : and complain that fate
 Free virtue should intrall to force, or chance ;

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 51

Their song was partial ; but the harmony
 (What could it less when spirits immortal sing ?)
 Suspended hell , and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet ,
 (For eloquence the soul , song charms the sense)
 Others apart sat on a hill retir'd ,
 In thoughts more elevate , and reason'd high ,
 Of providence , foreknowledge , will , and fate ;
 Fix'd fate , free will , foreknowledge absolute ;
 And found no end , in wandring mazes lost.
 Of good , and evil , much they argu'd then ,
 Of happiness , and final misery ,
 Passion , and apathy , and glory , and shame :
 Vain wisdom all , and false philosophy !
 Yet , with a pleasing sorcery , could charm
 Pain for a while , or anguish ; and excite
 Fallacious hope , or arm th' obdurate breast
 With stubborn patience , as with triple steel.
 Another part , in squadrons and gross bands ,
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world (if any clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation) bend
 Four ways their flying march , along the banks
 Of four infernal rivers , that disgorge
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams :
 Abhorred *Styx* , the flood of deadly hate ;
 And *Acheron* , of sorrow ; black and deep !
Cocytus , nam'd of lamentation loud
 Heard on the rueful stream : fierce *Phlegeton* ;
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage

52 PARADISE LOST. BOOK II.

Far off from these , a slow and silent stream ,
Lethe , the river of oblivion , rolls
 Her wat'ry labyrinth ; whereof who drinks ,
 Forthwith his former state and Being forgets ,
 Forgets both joy , and grief , pleasure , and pain.
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent
 Lies dark , and wild ; beat with perpetual storms
 Of whirlwind , and dire hail ; which on firm land
 Thaws not , but gathers heap , and ruin seems
 Of ancient pile : all else , deep snow and ice :
 A gulf profound ! as that *Serbonian* bog
 Betwixt *Damiata* , and mount *Casius* old ,
 Where armies whole have sunk : the parching air
 Burns froze , and cold performs th' effect of fire.
 Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd ,
 At certain revolutions , all the damn'd
 Are brought ; and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes , extremes by change more fierce
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
 Their soft ethereal warmth , and there to pine
 Immoveable , infix'd , and frozen round ,
 Periods of time ; thence hurried back to fire.
 They ferry over this *Lethæan* Sound
 Both to and fro , their sorrow to augment ,
 And wish , and struggle as they pass , to reach
 The tempting stream , with one small drop to lose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe ,
 All in one moment , and so near the brink :
 But Fate withstands , and to oppose th' attempt
Medusa with *Gorgonian* terror guards

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 53

The ford, and of itself the water flies
 All taste of living wight; as once it fled
 The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on
 In confus'd march forlorn th' advent'rous bands;
 With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes agast,
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades
 of death;

A universe of death! which God by curse
 Created evil; for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
 Abominable, inutterable; and worse
 Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and *Hydras*, and *Chimeras* dire.

Mean while the adversary of God and man
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design.
 Puts on swift wings, and tow'rd's the gates of hell
 Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
 He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left:
 Now shaves with level wing the Deep; then soars
 Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high.
 As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd,
 Hangs in the clouds, by *Æquinoctial* winds
 Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the isles
 Of *Ternate*, and *Tidore*, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood

54 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

Through the wide *Æthiopian*, to the Cape
 Ply, stemming nightly tow'rd the Pole : so seem'd
 Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear
 Hell bounds, high-reaching to the horrid roof ;
 And thrice threefold the gates : three folds were
 brass,

Three iron, three of adamantine rock ;
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape ;
 The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair ;
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
 Voluminous and vast ! a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting : about her middle round
 A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide *Cerberian* mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous peal : yet, when they list, would creep,
 If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there ; yet there still bark'd, and howl'd
 Within, unseen. Far less abhor'd than these
 Vex'd *Scylla*, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse *Trinacrian* shore :
 Nor uglier follow the Night-hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding through the air she comes
 Lur'd with the smell of infant-blood, to dance
 With *Lapland* witches, while the lab'ring Moon
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape
 (If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb ;
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 55

For each seem'd either :) black it flood as night ,
 Fierce as ten Furies , terrible as hell ,
 And shook a dreadful dart : what seem'd his head ,
 The likeness of a Kingly crown had on .
 Satan was now at hand , and from his seat
 The monster moving , onward came as fast
 With horrid strides : hell trembled as he strode .
 Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd ;
 Admir'd , not fear'd ; God and his Son except ,
 Created thing naught valued he , nor shun'd ;
 And with disdainful look thus first began .

Whence , and what , art thou ! execrable shape !
 That dar'st , though grim and terrible , advance
 Thy mis-created front athwart my way
 To yonder gates ? through them I mean to pass ,
 That be assur'd , without leave ask'd of thee .
 Retire , or taste thy folly , and learn by proof ,
 Hell-born ! not to contend with spirits of heav'n

To whom the Goblin full of wrath reply'd ;
 Art thou that Traitor-Angel , art thou He ,
 Who first broke peace in heav'n , and faith , till then
 Unbroken ; and in proud rebellious arms
 Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons ,
 Conjur'd against the Highest ; for which both thou
 And they , outcast from God , are here condemn'd
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain ?
 And reckon'st thou thy self with spirits of heav'n ,
 Hell-doom'd ! and breath'st defiance here and scorn ,
 Where I reign King , and to enrage thee more ,
 Thy King , and Lord ? Back to thy punishment ,

56 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

False fugitive ! and to thy speed add wings ;
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring ; or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee , and pangs unfelt before :

So spake the griesly Terror, and in shape ,
(So speaking , and so threatning) grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On th' other side
Incens'd with indignation *Satan* stood
Unterrify'd ; and like a Comet burn'd ,
That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge
In th' arctic sky , and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim ; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend : and such a frown
Each cast at th' other , as when two black clouds
With heav'n's artil'ry fraught, come rattling on
Over the *Caspian* ; then stand front to front ,
Hov'ring a space , till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air :
So frown'd the mighty combatants , that hell
Grew darker at their frown : so match'd they stood :
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds
Had been achiev'd , whereof all hell had rung ,
Had not the snaky sorcerers that sat
Fast by hell-gate , and kept the fatal key ,
Ris'n , and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O father ! what intends thy hand , she cry'd ,
Against thy only son ? What fury , O son ,
Possesses thee , to bend that mortal dart

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 57

Against thy father's head ? and know'st for whom ;
For Him who sits above , and laughs the while
At thee , ordain'd his drudge , to execute
Whate'er his wrath , which He calls justice , bids ;
His wrath , which one day will destroy ye both !

She spake , and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore ; then these to her *Satan* return'd.

So strange thy outcry , and thy words so strange
Thou interposest , that my sudden hand
Prevented , spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends ; till first I know of thee ,
What thing thou art , thus double-form'd ; and why ;
In this infernal vale first met , thou call'st
Me father , and that phanta'm call'st my son :
I know thee not , nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him , and thee.

T' whom thus the portress of hell-gate reply'd :
Hast thou forgot me then , and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul ? once deem'd so fair
In heav'n ! when at th' assembly , and in sight
Of all the Seraphim , with thee combin'd
In bold conspiracy against heav'n's King ,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpriz'd thee , dim thine eyes , and dizzy swum
In darkness ; while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth ; till on the left side op'ning wide ,
Likest to thee in shape , and count'nance bright ,
Then shining heav'nly fair , a Goddess arm'd ;
Out of thy head I sprung : amazement seiz'd
All th' host of heav'n ; back they recoil'd , afraid

38 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

At first, and call'd me *Sin* ; and for a sign
 Portentous held me : but familiar grown,
 I pleas'd , and with attractive graces won
 The most averse, thee chiefly, wo full oft
 (Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing)
 Becam'st inamor'd, and such joy thou took'st
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
 A growing burthen. Mean while war arose,
 And fields were fought in heav'n ; wherein remain'd
 (For what could else ?) to our Almighty foe
 Clear victory ; to our part loss, and rout,
 Through all the empyrean : down they fell
 Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heav'n, down
 Into this Deep ; and in the gen'ral fall
 I also : at which time this pow'rful key
 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
 Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
 Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes !
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
 Tore through my intrails ; that with fear, and pain
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transform'd. But he, my inbred enemy
 Forth-issu'd, brandishing his fatal dart,
 Made to destroy : I fled, and cry'd out *Death* !
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
 From all her caves, and back resounded, *Death* !

I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems,
 Inflam'd with lust than rage) and, swifter far !
 Me overtook his mother, all dismay'd :
 And in embraces forcible, and foul,
 Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling monsters ; that with ceaseless cry
 Surround me, as thou saw'st ; hourly conceiv'd,
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me ! For, when they list, into the womb
 That bred them they return ; and howl, and gnaw
 My bowels, their repast : then bursting forth,
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
 That rest, or intermission none I find.
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim *Death*, my son and foe : who sets them on,
 And me his parent would full soon devour
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involv'd : and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
 Whenever that shall be ; so Fate pronounc'd.
 But thou O father ! I forewarn thee, shun
 His deadly arrow ; neither vainly hope
 To be invuln'rable in those bright arms,
 Though temper'd heav'nly ; for that mortal dint ;
 'Tis He who reigns above, none can resist !
 She finish'd, and the subtile fiend his lore
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth :
 Dear daughter ! since thou claim'st me for thy
 fire,
 And my fair son here show'st me (the dear pledge

70 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

Of dalliance had with thee in heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, thro' dire change
Befall'n us, unforeseen, unthought of!) know
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him, and thee, and all the heav'nly host
Of spirits that (in our just pretenses arm'd,)
Fell with us from on high : from them I go
This uncouth errand sole; and one for all
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unsounded Deep, and through the void in-
 menſe

To search with wandring quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, e'er-now
Created, vast and round; a place of bliss
In the pourlieues of heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upstart creatures : to supply
Perhaps our vacant room; though more remov'd
Left heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or ought
Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste
To know: and this once known, shall soon return
And bring ye to the place where Thou, and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odors : there ye shall be fed, and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and

Death

Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 61

His famine should be fill'd ; and blest his maw
Destin'd to that good hour : no less rejoic'd
His mother bad , and thus bespake her sire :

The key of this infernal pit by due ,
And by command of heav'n's all-pow'rful King ;
I keep ; by Him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates , against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart ,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to His commands above
Who hates me , and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound ,
To sit in hateful office here confin'd ,
Inhabitant of heav'n , and heav'nly-born ,
Here in perpetual agony , and pain ,
With terrors , and with clamors compass'd round ,
Of mine own brood , that on my bowels feed ?
Thou art my father , thou my author , thou
My Being gav'st me ; whom should I obey
But thee ? whom follow ? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss , among
The Gods who live at ease , where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous , as beseems
Thy daughter , and thy darling , without end.
Thus saying , from her side the fatal key ,
And instrument of all our woe ! she took ;
And tow'rd the gate rolling her bestial train ;
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew ;
Which but her self , not all the *Strygian* Pow'rs
Could once have mov'd ; then in the key-hole turns

62 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
 Of massy iron, or solid rock, with ease
 Unfastens : on a sudden open fly,
 With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound,
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of *Erebus*. She open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her pow'r ; the gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd host,
 Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
 With horse, and chariots, rank'd in loose array,
 So wide they stood ! and, like a furnace mouth,
 Cast forth redounding smoke, and ruddy flame.
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoary Deep ; a dark
 Illimitable ocean ! without bound,
 Without dimension ; where length, breadth, and
 height,
 And time, and place are lost ; where eldest Night
 And *Chaos*, ancestors of Nature, hold
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand :
 For, hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions
 fierce,
 Strive here for mastery, and to battel bring
 Their embryon atoms ; they around the flag
 Of each his faction, in their sev'ral clans,
 Light-arm'd, or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or
 slow,
 Swarm populous, un-number'd as the sands

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 63

Of Barca, or Cyrene's torrid soil,
 Levy'd to side with warring winds, and poise'
 Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere;
 He rules a moment: *Chaos* umpire sits,
 And by decision more embroils the fray,
 By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
 Chance governs all. Into this wild abyfs,
 (The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave)
 Of neither sea, nor shoar, nor air, nor fire,
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
 (Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more worlds)
 Into this wild abyfs the wary fiend
 Hood on the brink of hell, and look'd a-while;
 Pond'ring his voyage; (for no narrow frith
 He had to cross): nor was his ear less peal'd
 With noises loud, and ruinous, (to compare
 Great things with small) than when *Bellona* storms,
 With all her batt'ring engines bent to rase
 Some capital city; or less than if this frame
 Of heav'n were falling, and these elements
 In mutiny had from her axle torn
 The steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
 He plights spurns the ground: thence many a league,
 In a cloudy chair, ascending rides
 Audacious; but that seat soon failing, meets
 A vast vacuity: all unawares
 Batt'ring his pennons vain, plumb down he drops

64 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

Ten thousand fathom deep : and to this hour
 Down had been falling , had not by ill chance
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud ,
 Instinct with fire and nitre , hurried him
 As many miles aloft : that fury stay'd ,
 Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis , neither sea ,
 Nor good dry land , nigh founder'd on he fares,
 Treading the crude consistence , half on foot ,
 Half flying ; behooves him now both oar and
 As when a gryfon , through the wilderness
 With winged course o'er hill , or moory dale ,
 Pursues the *Arimaspian* , who by stealth
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
 The guarded gold : so eagerly the fiend
 O'er bog or steep , through strait , rough , dense
 rare ,

With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way
 And swims , or sinks , or wades , or creeps , or
 At length a universal hubbub wild
 Of stunning sounds , and voices all confus'd ,
 Born through the hollow dark assaults his ear
 With loudest vehemence : thither he plies ,
 Undaunted to meet there whatever Pow'r ,
 Or spirit , of the nethermost abyss ,
 Might in that noise reside , of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies ;
 Bordering on light : when strait behold the throne
 Of *Chaos* , and his dark pavilion spread
 Wide on the wasteful Deep : with him inthrone
 Sat sable-vested *Night* , eldest of things ,

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 65

The confort of his reign : and by them stood
Orchus, and *Ades*, and the dreaded name
 Of *Demogorgon* : *Rumor* next, and *Chance*,
 And *Tumult*, and *Confusion* all imbroil'd,
 And *Discord* with a thousand various mouths.
 T'whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus . . . Ye Pow'rs,
 And spirits, of this nethermost abyfs,
Chaos, and *Ancient Night* ! I come no spy
 With purpose to explore, or to disturb,
 The secrets of your realm ; but by constraint
 Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
 Alone, and without guid' : half lost, I seek
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy
 bounds

Confine with heav'n : or if some other place
 From your dominion won, th' ethereal King
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this Profound : direct my course,
 Directed, no mean recompense it brings
 To your behoof : if I that region lost,
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness, and your sway,
 Which is my present journey) and once more
 Set the standard there of *Ancient Night* ;
 Shall be th' advantage all, mine the revenge !
 Thus *Satan* ; and him thus the anarch old,
 With fault'ring speech, and visage incompas'd,
 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
 That mighty leading Angel who of late

66 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

Made head against heav'n's King, tho' overthrown
 I saw, and heard; for such a num'rous host
 Fle'd not in silence through the frighted Deep,
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded; and heav'n-gates
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve,
 That little which is left so to defend,
 Encroach'd on still through our intestine broiles,
 Weak'ning the sceptre of old *Night*: first hell,
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath:
 Now lately heav'n, and earth, another world
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain,
 To thar side heav'n from whence your legions fell
 If that way be your walk, you have not far;
 So much the nearer danger: go, and speed!
 Havoc, and spoil, and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd, and *Satan* staid not to reply,
 But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity, and force renew'd,
 Springs upwards, like a pyramid of fire,
 Into the wild expanse; and through the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round
 Environ'd, wins his way: harder beset,
 And more endanger'd, than when *Argo* pass'd
 Through *Bosphorus*, betwixt the jostling rocks
 Or when *Ulysses* on the Larboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd.
 So he with difficulty, and labor hard

Book II. PARADISE LOST. 67

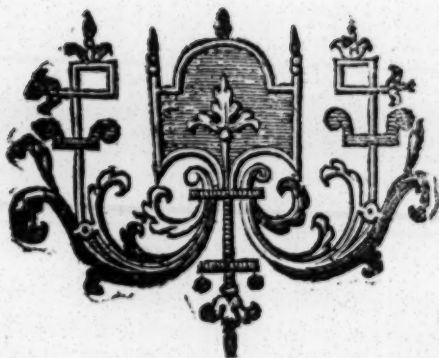
Mov'd on : with difficulty and labor he ;
 But he once past , soon after , when man fell ,
 Strange alteration ! *Sin* , and *Death* , a-main
 Following his track (such was the will of heav'n !)
 Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
 Over the dark abyss , whose boiling gulf
 Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length ,
 From hell continu'd , reaching th' utmost orb
 Of this frail world ; by which the spirits perverse
 With easie intercourse pass to and fro ,
 To tempt or punish mortals , except whom
 God and good Angels guard by special grace .

But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears , and from the walls of heav'n
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
 A glimmering dawn : here Nature first begins
 Her farthest verge , and *Chaos* to retire ,
 As from her outmost works a broken foe ,
 With tumult less , and with less hostile din ;
 That *Satan* with less toil , and now with ease ,
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light ;
 And like a weather-beaten vessel holds
 Gladly the port , though shrouds and tackle torn :
 Or in the emptier waste , resembling air ,
 Weighs his spread wings , at leisure to behold
 Far off th' empyreal heav'n , extended wide
 In circuit , undetermin'd square or round :
 With opal tow'rs , and battlements adorn'd
 Of living saphir , (once his native seat !)
 And fast by , hanging in a golden chain ,

68 PARADISE LOST. Book II.

This pendant world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge;
Accurs'd, and in a cursed hour he hies.

The End of the Second Book.



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PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind: clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduc'd. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of

divine justice ; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead , and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die , unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offense , and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man : the Father accepts him , ordains his incarnation , pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth ; commands all the Angels to adore him ; they obey , and hymning to their harps in full choir , celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb ; where wandring he first finds a place , since call'd the Limbo of Vanity , where what persons and things fly up thither : thence comes to the gate of heaven , describing ascending by stairs , and the waters about the firmament that flow about it : his passage thence to the orb of the sun : he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb ; but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel ; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation , and Man whom God hath plac'd here , inquires of him the place of his habitation , and is directed ; alights first on mount Niphates.

HAIL holy light, offspring of heav'n first-born !
 Or of th' eternal co-eternal beam !
 May I express thee unblam'd ? since God is light,
 And never but in unapproach'd light
 Dwelt from eternity ; dwelt then in thee ,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate !
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream ,
 Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before the sun ,
 Before the heav'ns thou wert , and at the voice
 Of God , as with a mantle didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep ,
 Won from the void and formless Infinite.
 Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing ,
 Leap'd the Strygian pool , tho' long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn ; while in my flight
 Through utter and through middle darkness born ,
 With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre ,
 Sung of Chaos , and eternal Night ;
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent , and up to re-ascend ,
 Not hard , and rare ! Thee I re-visit safe ,
 And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp : but thou
 Wilt not these eyes , that rowl in vain
 To find thy piercing ray , and find no dawn ;
 So thick a Drop Serene hath quench'd their orbs ,
 So dim suffusion veil'd ! Yet not the more
 Safe I to wander , where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring , or shady grove , or sunny hill ,

72 PARADISE LOST. Book III.

Smit with the love of sacred song : but chief
 The Sion , and the flow'ry brooks beneath ,
 That wash thy hallow'd feet , and warbling floor
 Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equal'd with me in fate ,
 (So were I equal'd with them in renown !)
 Blind *Thamyris* , and blind *Mæonides* :
 And *Tiresias* , and *Phineus* , Prophets old .
 Then feed on thoughts , that voluntary move
 Harmonious Numbers ; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling , and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note . Thus with the year
 Seasons return ; but not to me returns
 Day , or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn ,
 Or sight of vernal bloom , or summer's rose ,
 Or flocks , or herds , or human face divine :
 But cloud instead , and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me ! from the chearful ways of men
 Cut off ; and for the book of knowledge fair ,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works , to me expung'd and ras'd ,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out !
 So much the rather thou , cœlestial light !
 Shine inward , and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate ; there plant eyes ; all mist from thence
 Purge , and disperse ; that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight .

Now had th' Almighty Father from above ,
 (From the pure empyrean where He sits
 High thron'd above all height) bent down His eye

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 73

His own works and their works at once to view :
About Him all the Sanctities of heav'n
Stood thick as stars , and from His sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance : on His right
The radiant image of His glory sat ,
His only Son. On earth He first beheld
Our two first parents (yet the only two
Of mankind) in the happy garden plac'd ,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love ;
Uninterrupted joy , unrival'd love ,
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
Hell , and the gulf between , and Satan there
Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side night ,
In the dun air sublime ; and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings , and willing feet ,
On the bare outside of this world , that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament ;
Uncertain which , in ocean , or in air.
Him God beholding from His prospect high ,
Wherein past , present , future He beholds ,
Thus to His only Son foreseeing spake.
Only begotten Son ! seest thou what rage
Transports our adversary , whom no bounds
Describ'd , no bars of hell , nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there , nor yet the main abyss
Wide-interrupt , can hold ? So bent he seems
On desperate revenge , that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose , he wings his

way

Tome I.

4

74 PARADISE LOST. Book III.

Not far off heav'n, in the precincts of light,
Directly towards the new-created world,
And man there plac'd with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By some false guile pervert: and shall pervert;
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall,
He, and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate! he had of me
All he could have: I made him just, and right;
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal Pow'rs,
And spirits, both them who stood, and them who
fall'd:

Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only what they needs must do, appear'd;
Not, what they would? What praise could they re-
ceive?

What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had serv'd necessity,
Not Me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate;
As if predestination over-rul'd
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree,

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 75

Or high fore-knowledge. They themselves decreed
 Their own revolt, not I : if I fore-knew,
 Fore-knowledge had no influence on their fault,
 Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
 So without least impulse, or shadow of fate,
 Or ought by Me immutably foreseen,
 They trespass; authors to themselves in all,
 Both what they judge, and what they choose; for so
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
 Till they intrall themselves; I else must change
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
 Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd : man falls deceiv'd
 By th' other first : Man therefore shall find grace;
 The other none : in mercy and justice both,
 Through heav'n and earth, so shall my glory excel;
 But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
 All heav'n, and in the blessed spirits elect
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious; in Him all His Father shon
 Substantially express'd; and in His Face
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
 Love without end, and without measure grace;
 Which uttering, thus He to His Father spake.

O Father ! gracious was that word which clos'd
 Thy sov'reign sentence, that man should find grace;

76 PARADISE LOST. Book. III.

For which both heav'n and earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of hymns, and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
For should man finally be lost, should man
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, tho' join'd
With his own folly? That be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine; shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
Or proud return (though to his heavier doom),
Yet, with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? Or wilt thou thy self
Abolish thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness, and thy greatness, both
Be question'd, and blasphem'd without defense.

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might!
All hast thou spoken as My thoughts are, all
As My eternal purpose hath decreed.
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in Me
Freely vouchsaf'd: once more I will renew

Book. III. PARADISE LOST. 77

His lapsed pow'rs, though forfeit, and inthrall'd
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires :
 Upheld by Me, yet once more he shall stand
 On even ground against his mortal foe :
 By Me upheld, that he may know frail
 His fall'n condition is, and to Me owe
 All his deliv'rance, and to none but Me:
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
 Elect above the rest: so is My will:
 The rest shall hear Me call, and oft be warn'd
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
 Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace
 Invites: for I will clear their senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
 To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
 (Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent)
 Mine ear shall not be slow, Mine eye not shut.
 And I will place within them as a guide
 My umpire *Conscience*; whom if they will hear,
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
 This my long sufferance, and My day of grace,
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more;
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall:
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.
 But yet all is not done: Man disobeying,
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
 Against the high supremacy of heav'n,

78 PARADISE LOST. Book III.

Affecting God-head, and so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath nought left:
But to destruction sacred, and devote,
He with his whole posterity must die;
Die he or Justice must; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime: and just, th' unjust to save?
Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the heav'nly choir stood mute,
'And silence was in heav'n: on man's behalf
Patron, or intercessor, none appear'd;
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now, without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God
(In whom the fullness dwells of love divine,)
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father! thy word is past, Man shall find grace:
'And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?
Happy for Man, so coming! He her aid
Can never seek; (once dead in sins, and lost)
Attonement for himself, or offering meet,
(Indebted, and undone!) hath none to bring.

Book. III. PARADISE LOST. 79

Behold Me then ! Me for him , life for life
I offer , on Me let thine anger fall ;
Account Me Man : I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom , and this glory next to Thee
Freely put off , and for him lastly die
Well pleas'd , on Me let Death wreak all his rage :
Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd ; Thou hast giv'n me to possess
Life in My self for ever ; by Thee I live ,
Though now to Death I yield , and am his due
All that of Me can die ; yet that debt paid ,
Thou wilt not leave Me in the loathsome grave
His prey , nor suffer My unsporting soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell :
But I shall rise victorious , and subdue
My vanquisher , spoil'd of his vaunted spoil :
Death his death's wound shall then receive , and
 stoop

Inglorious , of his mortal sling disarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive , maugre hell ! and show
The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleas'd , out of heaven shalt look down , and smile ;
While by Thee rais'd I ruin all My foes ,
Death last , and with his carcass glut the grave :
Then , with the multitude of My redeem'd
Shall enter heav'n long absent , and return ,
Father ! to see Thy face , wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain ; but peace assur'd
And reconcilment : wrath shall be no more

80 PARADISE LOST. Book III.

Thenceforth, but in Thy presence joy entire.

His words here ended, but His meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shon
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of His great Father. Admiration seiz'd
All heav'n, what this might mean, and whither
tend

Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:

O Thou in heav'n and earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath! O Thou
My sole complacence! well Thou know'st how dear
To Me are all My works, nor Man the least,
Though last created; that for him I spare
Thee from My bosom, and right hand, to save
(By losing Thee a-while) the whole race lost.
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to Thy nature join;
And be Thy self Man among men on earth;
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin-seed
By wond'rous birth: be Thou in *Adam's* room
The head of all mankind, though *Adam's* son
As in him perish all men, so in Thee,
As from a second root, shall be restor'd
As many as are restor'd, without Thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; Thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous, and unrighteous deeds
And live in Thee transplanted, and from Thee

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 21

Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfie for man, be judg'd, and die;
And dying rise, and rising with Him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with His own dear life;
So, heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace:
Nor shalt Thou by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade Thine own.
Because Thou hast (tho' thron'd in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition) quitted all, to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God :
Found worthiest to be so by being good ,
Far more than great, or high ; because in Thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds ;
Therefore Thy humiliation shall exalt
With Thee Thy manhood also to this throne :
Here shalt Thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign.
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man ;
Anointed Universal King ; all pow'r
I give Thee, reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits : under Thee, as head supreme
Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I reduce :
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that 'bide
In heav'n, or earth, or under earth in hell ;
When Thou attended gloriously from heav'n

82 PARADISE LOST. Book III.

Shalt in the sky appear, and from Thee send
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal : forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep:
Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men, and Angels; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath Thy sentence; hell (her numbers full)
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean-while
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New heav'n and earth, where in the just shall dwell
And after all their tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth:
Then Thou Thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For, regal sceptre then no more shall need;
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
Adore Him, who to compass all this dies;
Adore the Son, ad honour Him as Me.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels with a shout
(Loud, as from numbers without number; sweet
As from blest voices) utt'ring joy, heav'n rung
With jubilee, and long hofanna's fill'd
Th' eternal regions. Lowly reverent
Tow'rd's either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns, inwove with amarant, and gold,
Immortal amarant ! a flow'r which once

Book. III. PARADISE LOST. 83

In Paradise fast by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offense
To heav'n remov'd, where first it grew there grow ;
And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life ;
And where the river of blis thro' midst of heav'n
Rowls o'er *Elysian* flow'rs her amber stream :
With these, that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks , inwreath'd with
beams ;

Now in loose garlands thick thrown off the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shon,
Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
Then crown'd again , their golden harps they took ;
Harps ever tun'd , that glitt'ring by their side
Like quivers hung , and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song , and waken raptures high ;
No voice exempt ; no voice but well could join
Melodious part , such concord is in heav'n.

Thee Father first they sung , Omnipotent ,
Immutable , Immortal , Infinite ,
Eternal King ! Thee Author of all Being ,
Fountain of Light , They self invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
Thron'd inaccessible , but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams , and thro' a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine ,
Dark with excessive bright , thy skirts appear :
Yet dazzle heav'n , that brightest Seraphim
Approach not , but with both wings veil their eyes.

84 PARADISE LOST. III. Book.

Thee next they sang of all creation first,
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude !
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without
 Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
 Whom else no creature can behold : on Thee
 Impress'd, th' effulgence of his glory abides;
 Transfus'd on Thee his ample Spirit rests.
 He heav'n of heav'ns, and all the pow'rs therein
 By Thee created ; and by Thee threw down
 Th' aspiring Dominations. Thou that day
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare ;
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shou'd
 Heav'n's everlasting Frame, while o'er the main
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.
 Back from pursuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclaim
 Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might
 To execute fierce vengeance on His foes ;
 Not so on Man : him thro' their malice fall'n
 Father of mercy and grace ! Thou didst not do
 So strictly, but much more to pity incline.
 No sooner did Thy dear and only Son,
 Perceive Thee purpos'd not to doom frail man
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd,
 He to appease Thy wrath, and end the strife
 Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
 Second to Thee, offer'd himself to die
 For Man's offense. O unexempl'd love !
 Love no where to be found less than Divine !
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of men ! Thy name

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 85

Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp Thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.

Thus they in heav'n, above the starry sphear;
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Mean-while upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, inclos'd
From Chaos, and th' inroad of darkness old,
A barren alighted walks. A globe far off
Seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night
Barren expos'd, and ever-threatening storms
Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky!
We on that side which from the wall of heav'n
(Tho' distant far) some small reflection gains
Of glimm'ring air, less vex'd with tempest loud.
Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field.
When a vultur on *Imaus* bred,
(Whose snowy ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds)
Alodging from a region scarce of prey,
Gorge the flesh of lambs, and weanling kids;
On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'rd the
springs
Of *Ganges*, or *Hydaspes*, (*Indian streams*)
In his way lights on the barren plains
Of *Sericana*, where *Chineses* drive
With sails and wind their cany waggons light:
On this windy sea of land, the fiend
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;

36 PARADISE LOST. Book III.

Alone, for other creature in this pace
 Living, or liveless, to be found was none;
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
 Up hither like æreal vapors flew,
 - Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men:
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
 Bult their fond hopes of glory, or lasting fame,
 Or happiness in this or th' other life:
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
 Of painful superstition, and blind zeal,
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds:
 All th' unaccomplish'd works of nature's hand,
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
 Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
 Till final dissolution, wander here:
 Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd
 (Those argent fields more likely habitants,
 Translated saints, or middle spirits hold,
 Betwixt th' angelical and human kind)
 Hither, of ill-join'd sons and daughters born,
 First from the ancient world those giants came,
 With many a vain exploit, then renown'd:
 The builders next of *Babel* on the plain
 Of *Sennaar*, and still with vain design
 New *Bab'ls*, had they wherewithal, would build
 Others came single; he who to be deem'd
 A God, leap'd fondly into *Æterna* flames,
Empedocles; and he who to enjoy

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 87

Plato's *Elysium*, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus: and many more too long,
 Embryoes, and idiots, eremits, and friars
 White, Black, and Grey, with all their trumpery;
 Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
 In *Golgotha* Him dead, who lives in heav'n:
 And they who to be sure of Paradise,
 Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,
 Or in *Franciscan* think to pass disguis'd;
 They pass the Planets sev'n, and pass the Fix'd;
 And that chrySTALLINE sphere whose ballance weighs
 The Trepidation talk'd, and that First-mov'd:
 And now saint *Peter* at heav'n's wicket seems
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
 Of heav'n's ascent they lift their feet: when lo!
 A violent cross-wind from either coast
 Rows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry
 Into the devious air: then might ye see
 Cowles, hoods, and habits, with their wearers,
 Toft,
 And flutter'd into rags: then Reliques, Beads,
 Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,
 The sport of winds! All these up-whirl'd aloft
 O'er the backside of the world far off,
 Into a Limbo large, and broad, since call'd
 The Paradise of Fools: to few unknown
 Ever after: now unpeopl'd, and untrod.
 In this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd;
 And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
 Dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste

38 PARADISE LOST. Book III.

His travel'd steps : far distant he descries,
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of heav'n, a structure high ;
 A top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
 The work as of a kingly palace-gate,
 With frontispiece of diamond, and gold
 Imbellish'd ; thick with sparkling orient gems
 The portal shon, inimitable on earth,
 By model, or by shading pencil, drawn.
 The stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw
 Angels, ascending and descending, bands
 Of guardians bright, when he from *Esau* fled
 Tho *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,
 And waking cry'd, *This is the gate of heav'n*.
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There always, but drawn up to heav'n sometimes
 Viewless, and, underneath, a bright sea flow'd
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
 Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd,
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake
 Rap'd in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
 The fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss :
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to th' earth, a passage wide,
 (Wider by far than that of after-times
 Over mount *Sion*, and, though that were large

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 89

Over the *Promis'd Land* to God so dear,
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
 On high behests his Angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,
 From *Paneas*, the fount of *Jordan's* flood,
 To *Beerfaba*, where the *Holy Land*
 Borders on *Ægypt*, and th' *Arabian* shore)
 So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
 Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,
 That scal'd by steps of gold to heaven-gate,
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
 Of all this world at once. As when a scout,
 Thro' dark and desert ways with peril gone
 All night, at last by break of chearful dawn
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
 Which to his eye discovers un-aware
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land,
 First seen; or some renown'd metropolis,
 With glistering spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:
 Such wonder seiz'd, though after heaven seen,
 The spirit malign; but much more envy seiz'd
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
 Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood
 So high above the circling canopy
 Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
 Of *Libra*, to the fleecy star, that bears
Andromeda far off *Atlantic* seas,
 Beyond th' horizon, then, from Pole to Pole.

20 PARADISE LOST. Book III.

He views in breadth; and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way,
Amongst innumerable stars, that shon
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those *Hesperian* gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales;
Thrice happy isles! But who dwelt happy there
He stay'd not to inquire. Above them all
The golded sun, in splendor likest heav'n,
Allur'd his eye: thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament: but, up or down,
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell;
Or longitude, where the great luminary
Aloft the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months and years, tow'rs his all-cheer

Lamp

Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue even to the Deep;
So wondrously was set his station bright!
There lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb

Book III. PARADISE LOST. 91

Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw.
 The place he found beyond expression bright,
 Compar'd with ought on earth, metal, or stone:
 Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
 With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;
 If stone, carbuncle most, or chrysolite,
 Ruby, or topaz; or the twelve that shon
 In *Aaron's* breast-plate: and a stone besides
 (Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen)
 That stone, or like to that, which here below
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
 In vain, though by their pow'rful art they bind
 Volatil *Hermes*, and call up unbound
 In various shapes old *Proteus* from the sea,
 Drain'd through a limbec to his naked form.
 What wonder then if fields, and regions, here
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
 Th' arch-chimic sun, so far from us remote,
 Produces, with terrestrial humor mix'd,
 Here in the dark so many pretious things
 Of color glorious, and effect so rare?
 Here matter new to gaze the devil met
 Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
 For sigh no obstacle found here, or shade,
 But all sun-shine; as when his beams at noon
 Culminate from th' *Æquator*; as they now
 Not upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and th' air;

92 PARADISE LOST. Book III.

(No where so clear,) sharpen'd his visual ray
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon
 Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,
 The same whom *John* saw also in the sun:
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
 Illustrious on his shoulders, fledge with wings,
 Lay waving round: on some great charge employ'd
 He seem'd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
 To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
 To Paradise, the happy seat of man,
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
 But first he casts to change his proper shape;
 Which else might work him danger, or delay
 And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smil'd celestial, and to ev'ry limb
 Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd.
 Under a coronet his flowing hair
 In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
 Of many a color'd plume, sprinkled with gold
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.
 He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,
 E'er he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
 Admonish'd by his ear; and strait was known
 Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the sev'n
 Who in God's presence, nearest to His throne

Book. III. PARADISE LOST. 93

Stand ready at command, and are His eyes
That run thro' all the heav'ns, or down to th' earth
Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him *Sitan* thus accosts.

Uriel! for thou of those sev'n spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont His great authentic will
Interpreter through highest heav'n to bring,
Where all His sons thy embassie attend:
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honor to obtain; and as his eye,
To visit oft this new creation round:
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these His wondrous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight, and favor; him, for whom
All these His works so wondrous He ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the choirs of Cherubim
Alone thus wandring: brightest Seraph! tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell:
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
Or open admiration, him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd:
That both in him, and all things, as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driv'n out his rebel foes
To deepest hell; and, to repair their loss,
Created this new happy race of men,

94 PARADISE LOST. Book III.

To serve Him better : wise are all His ways !

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd ;
For neither man , nor Angel , can discern
Hypocrisy (the only evil that walks
Invisible , except to God alone ,
By His permissive will , through heav'n and earth
And oft thoug wisdom wake , suspicion heeps
At wisdom's gate , and to simplicity
Resigns her charge , while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems) which now for once beguile
Uriel , though regent of the sun , and held
The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in heav'n :
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul ,
In his uprightness answer thus return'd .

Fair Angel ! thy desire , which tends to know
The works of God , thereby to glorify
The great work-master , leads to no excess
That reaches blame , but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess , that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone ,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps
Contented with report , hear only in heav'n :
For wonderful indeed are all His works !
Pleasant to know , and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight.
But , what created mind can comprehend
Their number , or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth , but hid their causes deep
I saw when at His word the formless mass ,
This world's material mold , came to a heap :

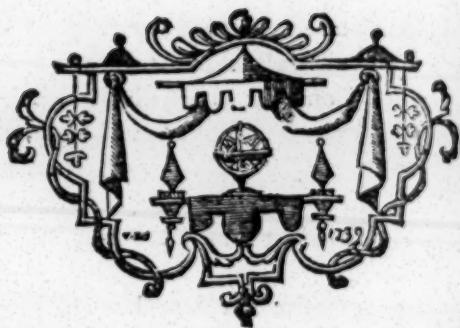
Book III. PARADISE LOST. 95

Confusion heard His voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd :
Till at His second bidding darkness fled,
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung.
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire ;
And the ethereal quintessence of heav'n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That rowl'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars,
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move ;
Each had his place appointed, each his course ;
The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe whose hither side
With light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines :
That place is earth, the seat of man ; that light
His day, which else, as th' other hemisphere,
Night would invade ; but there the neighb'ring
moon
So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing through mid heav'n.
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills, and empties, to enlighten th' earth ;
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is paradise,
Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bow'r ;
By way thou can'st not miss, me mine requires.
Thus said, he turn'd ; and Satan bowing low
As to superior spirits is wont in heav'n,
There honor due, and reverence, none neglects)

96 PARADISE LOST. Book III.

Took leave, and tow'rd the coast of earth bent
Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel
Nor staid, till on *Niphates*' top he lights.

The end of the third Book.



PARAD



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

The ARGUMENT.

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God, and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair: but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the Tree of Life, as the highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work

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98 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

their fall ; overhears their discourse ; then gathers that the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of , under penalty of death ; and thereon intends to found his temptation , by seducing them to transgress : then leaves them awhile to know further of their state by some other means. Mean-while Uriel descending on a sun-beam warns Gabriel (who had in charge the gate of Paradise) that some evil spirit had escaped the Deep , and past at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise : discovered afterwards by his furious gesture in the mount : Gabriel promises to find him out e'er morning. Night comes on , Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest in their bower described ; their evening work done. Gabriel drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise , appoints two strong Angels to Adam's house , lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping ; there he find him at the ear of Eve , tempting her in a dream , and bring him , tho' unwilling , to Gabriel ; by whom question'd , he scornfully answers , prepares resistance , but is hinder'd by a sign from heav'n , flies out of Paradise.

O FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
 Th' Apocalyps heard cry in heav'n aloud,
 Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
 Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Wo to th' inhabitants on earth ! that now
 While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
 The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd
 Haply so scap'd, his mortal snare : for now
 Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
 (The tempter, e'er th' accuser, of mankind,)
 To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
 Of that first battel, and his flight to hell.
 Yet not rejoycing in his speed, though bold,
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
 Begins his dire attempt ; which nigh the birth
 Now rowling, boils in his tumultuous breast,
 And like a devilish engine back recoils
 Upon himself : horror and doubt distract
 His troubled thoughts ; and from the bottom fir
 The hell within him, (for within him hell
 He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
 One step, no more than from himself, can fly
 By change of place :) now conscience wakes despair,
 That slumber'd ; wakes the bitter memory
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be,
 Worse ! of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
 Sometimes tow'rds *Eden*, which now in his view
 Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad :

100 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

Sometimes tow'rd's heav'n, and the full blazing sun
Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r:
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began

O thou ! that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, an add thy name,
O Sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell : how glorious once above thy sphere !
Till pride, and worse ambition, threw me down,
Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King
Ah wherefore ! He deserv'd no such return
From me, whom He created what I was,
In that bright eminence ; and with his good
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.
What could be less ! than to afford him praise,
(The easiest recompense,) and pay him thanks:
How due ! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice : lifted up so high
I 'scuin'd subjection, and thought one step high
Would set me highest ; and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude ;
So burthensome, still paying, still to owe ;
Forgetful what from Him I still receiv'd :
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted, and discharg'd : what burden then ?
O had His pow'rful destiny ordain'd

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 101

Me some inferior Angel ! I had stood
 Then happy ; no unbounded hope had rais'd
 Ambition ! Yet why not ? some other Pow'r
 As great might have aspir'd , and me though mean
 Drawn to his part : but other Pow'rs as great
 Fell not , but stand unshaken ; from within ,
 Or from without , to all temptations arm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free will , and pow'r , to stand ?
 Thou hadst ! Whom hast thou then , or what , t'ac-
 cuse ,

But heav'n's free love , dealt equally to all ?
 Be then His love accurst , since love , or hate
 To me alike , it deals eternal woe :

Nay , curst be thou ! since against His thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath , and infinite despair ?

Which way I fly is hell ; my self am hell ;
 And , in the lowest deep , a lower deep
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide ;
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n.

O then at last relent ! Is there no place
 Left for repentance ? none for pardon left ?
 None left , but by submission ; and that word
 Disdain forbids me , and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath , whom I seduc'd
 With other promises , and other vaunts
 Than to submit , boasting I could subdue
 Th' Omnipotent. Ah me ! they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain ;

102 PARADISE LOST. Book. IV.

Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem, and sceptre, high advanc'd,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds!
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon
say

What feign'd submission swore! ease would recall
Vows made in pain, as violent and void;
(For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep)
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission, bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as far
From granting He, as I from begging peace.
All hope excluded thus, behold! in stead
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope! and with hope, farewell fear!
Farewel remorse! all good to me is lost:
Evil be thou my good! By thee at least
Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold;
By thee, and more than half perhaps, will reign:
As man e'er-long, and this new world, shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and despair,
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 103

Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
 (For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul
 Are ever clear.) Whereof he soon aware,
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,
 Artificer of fraud! and was the first
 That practis'd falshood, under faintly shew
 Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge
 Yet not enough had practis'd, to deceive
 Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursu'd him down
 The way he went; and on th' *Assyrian* mount
 Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
 Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
 He mark'd, and mad demeanor, then alone,
 As he suppos'd, all un-observ'd, un-seen.
 So, on he fares; and to the border comes
 Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green;
 As with a rural mound, the champain head
 Of a steep wilderness; whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque, and wild,
 Access deny'd: and over head up-grew
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene! and as the ranks ascend
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung:
 Which to our general sight gave prospect large
 Into his neather empire, neighb'ring round.
 And higher than that wall a circling row

104 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
 Blossoms, and fruits at once of golden hue;
 Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colors mix'd:
 On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams;
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
 When God hath show'r'd the earth; so lovely
 seem'd

That landscape! and of pure now purer air
 Meets his approach; and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight, and joy, able to drive
 All sadness, but despair: now gentle gales,
 Panning their odoriferous wings, dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
 Beyond the *Cap of Hope*, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
 Sabæan odor, from the spicy shore
 Of *Araby* the Blest, with such delay
 Well-pleas'd they slack their course, and many
 league

Chear'd with the grateful smell old *Ocean* smiles:
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend,
 Who came their bane; though with them better
 pleas'd

Than *Asmodeus* with the fishy fume
 That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse
 Of *Tobit's* son, and with a vengeance sent
 From *Media* post to *Ægypt*, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journied on, pensive, and slow;

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 105

But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,
 As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth
 Of shrubs, and tangling bushes, had perplex'd
 All path of man, or beast, that pass'd that way.
 One gate there only was, and that look'd east
 On th' other side : which when th' arch-fellon saw,
 Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt
 At one slight bound high over-leap'd all bound
 Of hill, or highest wall, and sheer within
 Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey;
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
 In hurd'd cotes, amid the field secure,
 Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold :
 Or as a thief, bent to un-hoard the cash
 Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
 Cross-barr'd, and bolted fast, fear no assault,
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles :
 So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
 (So since into his Church lewd hirelings climb.)
 Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
 (The middle tree, and highest that grew)
 Sat like a cormorant : yet not true life
 Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
 To them who liv'd : nor on the virtue thought
 Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
 For prospect, what well-us'd had been the pledge
 Of immortality. (So little knows
 Any, but God alone, to value right
 The good before him, but perverts best things

106 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.)
 Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views,
 To all delight of human sense expos'd
 In narrow room, nature's whole wealth, yea more,
 A heav'n on earth ! for blissful Paradise
 Of God the garden was, by him in th' east
 Of *Eden* planted ; *Eden* stretch'd her line
 From *Auran* eastward to the royal tow'rs
 Of great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,
 Or where the sons of *Eden* long before
 Dwelt in *Telassar*. In this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd
 Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
 All trees of noblest kind, for sight, smell, taste,
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold : and next to life,
 Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by
 Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill
 Southward through *Elen* went a river large,
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd ; for God had thrown
 That mountain a His garden mound, high rais'd
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Water'd the garden ; thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the neather flood
 Which from his darksome passage now appears
 And now divided into four main streams,

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 107

Runs diverse, wandring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account :
But rather to tell how, (if art could tell
How) from that saphire fount the crisped brooks
Rowling on orient pearl, and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds, and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the un-pierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'rs. Thus was this
place,

A happy rural seat of various view :
Groves whose rich trees wept od'rous gums, and
balm ;

Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hang amiable : *Hesperian* fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.

Detritx them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd :
Or palmy hilloc, or the flow'ry lap

Of some irriguous valley spread her store ;
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose.

Another side, umbrageous grots, and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps

Luxuriant : mean-while murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,

108 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

(That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
 Her chrystal mirror holds ,) unite their streams.
 The birds their choire apply : airs , vernal airs ,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove , attune
 The trembling leaves , while universal *Pan* ,
 Knit with the *Graces* , and the *Hours* , in dance ,
 Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
 Of *Enna* , where *Proserpine* gathering flow'rs ,
 Her self a fairer flow'r , by gloomy *Dis*
 Was gather'd ; which cost *Ceres* all that pain
 Tho seek her thro' the world : nor that sweet grove
 Of *Daphne* by *Orontes* , and th' inspir'd
Castalian Spring , might with this *Paradise*
 Of *Eden* strive : nor that *Nyseian* isle
 Girt with the river *Triton* , where old *Cham* ,
 (Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call , and *Liban Jews*)
 Hid *Amalthea* , and her florid son
 Young *Bacchus* , from his stepdame *Rhea's* eye :
 Nor where *Abassin* Kings their issue guard ,
 Mount *Amara* (though this by some suppos'd
 True *Paradise*) under the *Æthiop* Line
 By *Nilus'* head , inclos'd with shining rock ,
 A whole day's journey high ; but wide remote
 From this *Affyrian* garden : where the fiend
 Saw un-delighted all delight , all kind
 Of living creatures , new to sight , and strange.

Two of far nobler shape , erect and tall ,
 Godlike erect ! with native honor clad
 In naked majesty , seem'd Lords of all :
 And worthy seem'd : for in their looks divine

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 109

The image of their glorious Maker shon,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe, and pure;
 Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,
 Whence true authority in men: though both
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:
 For contemplation he, and valor form'd;
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
 He, for God only; she, for God in him.
 His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
 Her un-adorned golden tresses wore,
 Dishevel'd; but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway;
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd:
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
 Of nature's works: honor dishonorable!
 In bred! how have ye troubled all mankind
 With shews instead, mere shews, of seeming pure;
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
 Simplicity, and spotless innocence?
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shun'd the sight
 Of God, or Angel, for they thought no ill.
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair

110 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

That ever since in love's embraces met ;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons ; the fairest of her daughters *Eve*.
 Under a tuft of shade , that on a green
 Stood whisp'ring soft , by a fresh fountain side
 They sat them down ; and after no more toil
 Of their sweet gard'ning labor , than suffic'd
 To recommend cool *Zephyr* , and made ease
 More easy ; wholesome thirst , and appetite
 More grateful , to their supper-fruits they fell,
 Nectarine fruits ! which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them , side-long as they sat recline
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'rs,
 The savoury pulp they chew , and in the rind ,
 Still as they thirsted , scoop the brimming stream :
 Nor gentle purpose , nor endearing smiles
 Wanted , nor youthful dalliance , as befits
 Fair couple , link'd in happy nuptial league ,
 Alone as they. About them frisking plaid
 All beasts of th' earth , (since wild ,) and of all
 chase ,

In wood , or wilderness , forest , or den ;
 Sporting the lion ramp'd , and in his paw
 Dandled the kid ; bears , tigers , ounces , pards ,
 Gambol'd before them ; th' unwieldy elephant ,
 To make them mirth , us'd all his might , and
 wreath'd

His lithe proboscis : close the serpent fly
 Insinuating , wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train , and of his fatal guile

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. III

Gave proof unheeded : others on the grass
Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing fat,
Or bed ward ruminating : for the sun,
Declin'd, was hasting now with prone career
To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale
Of heav'n the stars, that usher evening, rose :
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O Hell what do mine eyes with grief behold !
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mold ; earth-born perhaps,
Not spirits ; yet to heav'nly spirits bright
Little inferior ; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath
pour'd.

Ah gentle pair ! ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches ; when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe ;
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy :
Happy ! but for so happy ill secur'd
Long to continue ; and this high seat your heav'n,
Ill fenc'd for heav'n, to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd : yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I seek ;
And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth : my dwelling haply may not please,

112 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such
 Accept, your Maker's work; He gave it me;
 Which I as freely give: hell shall unfold,
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,
 And send forth all her kings: there will be room;
 (Not like these narrow limits,) to receive
 Your numerous offspring: if no better place,
 Thank Him who puts me loth to this revenge
 On you, who wrong me not, for Him who wrong'd,
 And should I at your harmless innocence
 Melt, (as I do) yet public reason just,
 Honor, and empire with revenge enlarg'd,
 By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
 To do, what else (though damn'd) I should abhor.

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
 (The tyrant's plea,) excus'd his devilish deeds.
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree,
 Down he alights among the sportful herd
 Of those four-footed kinds; himself now one,
 Now other, as their shape best serv'd his end
 Nearer to view his prey, and un-espied
 To mark what of their state he more might learn.
 By word, or action mark'd: about them round,
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
 Then, as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd,
 In some purlieu, two gentle fawns at play,
 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both,
 Grip'd in each paw: when Adam, first of men,

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 113

To first of women, *Eve*, thus moving speech,
Turn'd him, all ear, to hear new utterance flow.

Sole partner, and sole part of all these joys!
Dearer thy self than all! needs must the Pow'r
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of His good
As liberal, and free, as infinite;
That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
In all this happiness, who at His hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof He hath need: He! who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easie charge, of all the trees
In Paradise, that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only Tree
Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life:
So near grows death to life! whate'er death is:
Some dreadful thing, no doubt: for well thou
know'st

God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left,
Among so many signs of pow'r, and rule,
Confer'd upon us; and dominion giv'n
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then, let us not think hard
One easie prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights,
But let us ever praise Him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,

Tome I.

K

114 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

To prune these growing plants, and tend these
flow'rs ;

Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus *Eve* reply'd. O thou ! for whom,
And from whom I was form'd ; flesh of thy flesh ;
And without whom am to no end ; my guide,
And head ! what thou hast said is just, and right.
For, we to Him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks ; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds ; while thou
Like consort to thy self canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found my self repos'd
Under a shade of flow'rs ; much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence, a murmuring sound
Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd,
Pure as th' expanse of heav'n : I thither went,
With in-experienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me : I started back ;
It startest back : but pleas'd I soon return'd ;
Pleas'd it return'd as soon ; with answering looks
Of sympathy, and love : there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire ;

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 115

Had not a voice thus warn'd me, "What thou seest,
 "What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thy self;
 "With thee it came, and goes: but, follow me,
 "And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
 "Thy coming, and thy soft embraces; he
 "Whose image thou art: him thou shalt enjoy
 "Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
 "Multitudes like thy self, and thence call'd
 "Mother of human race." What could I do
 But follow strait, invisibly thus led,
 Till I espied thee? fair indeed, and tall,
 Under a plantain; yet, methought, less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 Than that smooth watry image: back I turn'd;
 Thou following cry'd'st aloud, return fair Eve,
 Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou
 art,

His flesh, his bone; to give thee Being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear:
 Part of my soul, I seek thee; and thee claim,
 My other half! With that, thy gentle hand
 Seiz'd mine; I yielded; and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother; and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unrepov'd,
 And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
 On our first father: half her swelling breast

116 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

Naked met his, under the flowing gold
 Of her loose tresses hid : he (in delight
 Both of her beauty, and submissive charms,)
 Smil'd with superior love ; as *Jupiter*
 On *Juno* smiles, when he impregns the clouds,
 That shed May-flow'rs ; and press'd her matron-lip
 With kisses pure : aside the devil turn'd
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
 Ey'd them askance ; and to himself thus plain'd,
 Sight hateful, sight tormenting ! thus these two,
 Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
 (The happier *Eden* !) shall enjoy their fill
 Of blifs on blifs : while I to hell am thrust,
 Where neither joy, nor love, but fierce desire,
 (Among our other torments not the least)
 Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing, pines.
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
 From their own mouths : all is not theirs, it seems :
 One fatal Tree there stands, of Knowledge call'd,
 Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbidden ?
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
 Envy them that ? can it be sin to know ?
 Can it be death ? and do they only stand
 By ignorance ? is that their happy state,
 The proof of their obedience, and their faith ?
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build
 Their ruin ! hence I will excite their minds
 With more desire to know, and to reject
 Envious commands, invented with design
 To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 117

Equal with Gods : aspiring to be such,
They taste, and die : what likelier can ensue ?
But first, with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave un-spy'd ;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandering spirit of heav'n, by fountain-side
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair ! enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures ; for, long woes are to succeed !

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection ; and began
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale
his roam.

Mean-while in utmost longitude, where heav'n
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
Slowly descended ; and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Level'd his evening rays : it was a rock
Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far ; winding with one ascent
Accessible from earth, one entrance high :
The rest was craggy cliff, that over-hung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of th' Angelic guards, awaiting night :
About him exercis'd heroic games
Th' unarmed youth of heav'n ; but nigh at hand
Celestial armory, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high, with diamond flaming, and with gold.

118 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

Thither came *Uriel*, gliding through the ev'n
On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Impress the air, and shew the mariner
From what point of his Compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.

Gabriel! to thee thy course by lot hath giv'n
Charge, and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach, or enter in:

This day, at height of noon, came to my sphere
A spirit; zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of th' Almighty's works; and chiefly man,
God's latest image: I describ'd his way,
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait:
But, in the mount that lies from *Eden* north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks
Alien from heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him: one of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the Deep, to rise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd:
Uriel! no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle, where thou sit'st,
See far, and wide: in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come
Well-known from heav'n; and since meridian hour
No creature thence. If spirit of other sort,
So minded, have o'er-leap'd these earthly bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 119

Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.

But, if within the circuit of these walks,

In whatsoever shape, he lurk, of whom

Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he; and *Uriel* to his charge

Return'd, on that bright beam, whose point now
rais'd

Bore him slope downward to the sun, now fall'n

Beneath th' *Azores*: whither the prime orb,

Incredible how swift, had rather rowl'd

Diurnal; or this less volubil earth,

By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there,

Amaying with reflected purple, and gold,

The clouds that on his western throne attend.

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey

Had in her sober livery all things clad:

Silence accompagny'd; for beast, and bird,

They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,

Were sunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;

She all night long her amorous descant sung;

Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament

With living saphirs; *Hesperus*, that led

The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon,

Rising in clouded majesty at length,

Apparent Queen, unveil'd her peerless light,

And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw;

When *Adan* thus to *Eve*: fair consort! th' hour

Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,

Mind us of like repose; since God hath set

Labor and rest, as day and night, to men

120 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep ,
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight , inclines
 Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day-long
 Rove idle , un-employ'd , and less need rest :
 Man hath his daily work of body , or mind ,
 Appointed , which declares his dignity ,
 And the regard of heav'n on all his ways :
 While other animals unactive range ;
 And of their doings God takes no account.
 To-morrow , e'er fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light , we must be ris'n ,
 And at our pleasant labor , to reform
 Yon flow'ry arbors ; yonder allies green ,
 Our walk at noon , with branches overgrown ;
 That mock our scant manuring , and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
 Those blossoms also , and those dropping gums ,
 That lie bestrown , unsightly , and unsmooth ,
 Ask riddance , if we mean to tread with ease :
 Mean-while , as nature wills , night bids us rest.

To whom thus *Eve* , with perfect beauty adorn'd
 My author , and disposer ! what thou bidst
 Un-argu'd I obey ; so God ordains :
 God is thy law , thou mine : to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge , and her praise.
 With thee conversing I forget all time ;
 All seasons , and their change , all please alike :
 Sweet is the breath of morn , her rising sweet ,
 With charm of earliest birds : pleasant the sun ,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 121

His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
 Glitt'ring with dew : fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft show'rs : and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful ev'ning mild : then, silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train.
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds : nor rising sun
 On this delightful land : nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glitt'ring with dew : nor fragrance after show'rs :
 Nor grateful evening mild : nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird : nor walk by moon :
 Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.
 But wherefore all night long shine these ? for
 Whom

This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ?

To whom our general ancestor reply'd.

Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd *Eve* !

These have their course to finish, round the earth ;

By morrow ev'ning ; and from land to land

In order, though to nations yet unborn,

Ministring light prepar'd, they set, and rise :

Lest total darkness should by night regain

Her old possession, and extinguish life

In nature, and all things ; which these soft fires

Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat,

Of various influence, foment, and warm,

Temper, or nourish ; or in part shed down

Their stellar virtue, on all kinds that grow

On earth ; made hereby apter to receive

Tom. I.

L

122 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These then, though un-beheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain: nor think, though men were
none,

That heav'n would want spectators, God want
praise:

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Un-seen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these, with ceaseless praise, his works behold
Both day, and night: how often, from the steep
Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices, to the midnight air
(Sole, or responsive each to other's note)
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonie number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.

Thus talking, hand in hand, alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bow'r: it was a place
Chos'n by the Sov'reign Planter, when He fram'd
All things to man's delightful use: the roof,
Of thickest covert, was inwoven shade,
Laurel, and myrtle; and what higher grew,
Of firm, and fragrant leaf: on either side
Acanthus, and each od'rous bushy shrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant wall: each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
wrought

Book IV. PARADISE LOST: 123

Mosaic : underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich in-lay
Breider'd the ground ; more color'd , than with
stone

Of costliest emblem : other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, darst enter none ;
Such was their awe of man ! In shady bow'r
More sacred, and sequester'd, though but feign'd ;
Pan, or *Sylvanus* , never slept ; nor Nymph,
Nor *Faunus* , haunted. Here, in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smellings herbs,
Espoused *Eve* deck'd first her nuptial bed :

An heav'nly Choirs the Hymenæan sung,
What day the genial Angel to our fire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely, than *Pandora* ; whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, (and O, too lik
And sad event !) when to th'unwiser son
Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes* , she insnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks , to be aveng'd
On him who had stole *Jove's* authentic fire.

Thus at their shady Lodge arriv'd, both stood ;
Both turn'd , and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky , air , earth , and
heav'n ,

Which they beheld ; the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry Pole : Thou also mad'st the night ,
Maker Omnipotent ! and Thou the day ,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help,

124 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
 Ordain'd by Thee; and this delicious place,
 For us too large; where Thy abundance wants
 Partakers, and uncrop'd falls to the ground.
 But Thou hast promis'd from us two a race
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, Thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other rites
 Observing none, but adoration pure,
 Which God likes best, into their inmost bow'r
 Handed they went; and (eas'd the petting off
 These troublesome disguises which we wear,)
 Strait side by side were laid: nor turn'd, I ween,
Adam from his fair spouse; nor *Eve* the rites
 Mysterious of connubial love refus'd:
 Whatever hypocrites austere talk
 Of purity, and place, and innocence;
 Defaming as impure what God declares
 Pure; and commands to some, leaves free to all.
 Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain,
 But our destroyer, foe to God, and man?
 Hail wedded love! mysterious law, true source
 Of human offspring, sole propriety
 In Paradise! of all things common else.
 By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from men;
 Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
 (Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure)
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known;

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 125

Far be it, that I should write thee sin, or blame
Or think thee un-befitting holiest place;
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets!
Whose bed is undefil'd, and chaste, pronounce'd,
Present, or past; as saints, and patriarchs us'd.
Here, Love his golden shafts employs; here lights
His constant lamp; and waves his purple wings:
Reigns here, and revels: not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, un-endeat'd:
Casual fruition! nor in Court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenate, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud Fair: best quitted with disdain.
These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept:
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on
Blest pair! and O! yet happiest, if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measur'd, with her shadowy cone,
Half-way up hill this vast sublenar vault:
And from their ivory port the Cherubim
Forth issuing at th' accusom'd hour, stood arm'd
To their night watches in warlike parade,
When *Gabriel* to his next in pow'r thus spake.

Uzzel! half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch: these other wheel the north:
Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
From these, two strong and subtle spirits he call'd,
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

126 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

Ithuriel, and *Zephon* ! with wing'd speed
 Search thro' this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook ;
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
 Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
 This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd,
 Who tells of some infernal spirit, seen
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought ?)
 escap'd

The bars of hell ; on errand bad, no doubt :
 Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.
 So saying, on he led his radiant files,
 Dazling the moon : these to the bow'r direct,
 In search of whom they sought : him there they
 found,

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of *Eve* ;
 Assaying, by his devilish art, to reach
 The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
 Illusions, as he list, phantasms, and dreams :
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
 Th' animal spirits, that from pure blood arise,
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure ; thence raise
 At last distemper'd, discontented thoughts ;
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
 Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.
 Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his spear
 Touch'd lightly ; (for no falshood can endure
 Touch of cœlestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness) up he starts,
 Discover'd, and surpriz'd. As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 127

Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumor'd war, the smutty grain
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air:
So started up, in his own shape, the fiend.
Back step'd those two fair Angels, half amaz'd,
So sudden to behold the grisly King;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel spirits, adjudg'd to hell;
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd
Why sat'st thou, like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
Know ye not Me? ye knew me once no mate
For you; there sitting where you durst not soar:
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng: or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with
scorn,

Think not, revolted spirit! thy shape the same,
Or un-diminish'd brightness, to be known
As when thou stoodst in heav'n, upright, and pure:
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee; and thou resembl'st now
Thy sin, and place of doom, obscure, and foul.
But come! for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,

128 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
 Invincible : abash'd the devil stood,
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
 Virtue in her shape how lovely ; saw, and pin'd
 His loss : but chiefly to find here observ'd
 His lustre visibly impair'd : yet seem'd
 Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
 Best with the best, the sencer not the sent,
 Or all at once ; more glory will be won,
 Or less be lost. Thy fear, said *Zephon* bold,
 Will save us tryal what the least can do
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage ;
 But like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
 Champing his iron curb : to strive, or fly,
 He held it vain ; awe from above had quell'd —
 His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
 The western point, where those half-rounding
 guards

Just met, and closing stood in Squadron join'd,
 Awaiting next command ; to whom their Chief,
Gabriel, from the Front thus call'd aloud.

O friends ! I hear the tread of nimble feet
 Hastening this way ; and now by glimps discern
Ithuriel, and *Zephon*, though the shade ;
 And with them comes a third of regal port,
 But faded splendor wan ; who by his gait,
 And fierce demeanor, seems the Prince of hell :
 Not likely to part hence without contest :
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance low'rs.

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 129

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
'And brief related whom they brought, where
found,

How busied, in what form, and posture, couch'd :
To whom with stern regard thus *Gabriel* spake.

Why hast thou, *Satan* ! broke the bounds pres-
crib'd

To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example : but have pow'r, and right,
To question thy bold entrance on this place ;
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss ?

To whom thus *Satan*, with contemptuous brow :
Gabriel ! thou hadst in heav'n th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee ; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain ?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from
hell,

Tho' thither doom'd ? thou wouldst thyself, no
doubt,

And boldly venture to whatever place,
Farthest from pain ; where thou might'st hope to
change

Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight ; which in this place I sought :

Thou thee no reason, who know'st only good,

But evil hast not try'd, And wilt object

His will who bounds us ? let Him surer bar

His iron gates, if He intends our stay

130 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

In that dark durance ! thus much what was ask'd.
The rest is true : they found me where they say ;
But that implies not violence , or harm .

Thus he in scorn . The warlike Angel mov'd ,
Disdainfully half smiling , thus reply'd .
O loss of one in heav'n to judge of wise ,
Since Satan fell , whom folly overthrew !
And now returns him , from his prison scap'd ,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise ,
Or not , who ask what boldness brought him hither
Un-licens'd , from his bounds in hell prescrib'd :
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However , and to scape his punishment !
So judge thou still , presumptuous ! till the wrath
Which thou incur'st by flying , meet thy flight
Sev'nfold , and scourge that wisdom back to hell ,
Which taught thee yet no better , that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok'd .
But wherefore thou alone ? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose ? is pain to them
Less pain , less to be fled ? or thou than they
Less hardy to endure ? courageous Chief !
The first in flight from pain ! Hadst thou ally'd
To thy deserted host this cause of flight ,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive

To which the fiend thus answer'd , frowning
stern .

Not that I less endure , or shrink from pain ,
Insulting Angel ! well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest , when in battel to thy aid

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 131

The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
 But still thy words at random, as before,
 Argue thy in-experience, what behoves,
 (From hard assays, and ill successes past,)
 A faithful Leader, not to hazard all
 Through ways of danger, by himself untry'd:
 I therefore, I alone, first undertook
 To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
 This new-created world, whereof in hell
 Fame is not silent; here in hope to find
 Better abode, and my afflicted Pow'rs
 To settle here on earth, or in mid air;
 Though, for possession, put to try once more
 What thou, and thy gay legions, dare against:
 Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
 High up in heav'n, with songs to hymn His thro-
 ne,

And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.

To whom the warrior Angel soon reply'd:

To say, and strait unsay, pretending first

Wife to fly pain, professing next the spy,

Argues no Leader, but a liar trac'd,

Swan! and could thou *faithful* add? O name,

O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!

Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew,

Army of fiends? fit body to fit head!

Was this your discipline, and faith engag'd,

Your military obedience, to dissolve

Alliance to th' acknowledg'd Pow'r supreme?

132 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

And thou, fly hypocrite! who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servily ador'd
Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore? but in hope
To dispossess him, and thy self to reign?

But mark what I aread thee now: avant!

Fly thither whence thou fledst! If from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facil gates of hell too slightly barr'd.

So threaten'd he: but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage, reply'd.

Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains,
Proud liminary Cherub! but e'er then
Far heavier load thy self expect to feel
From my prevailing arm; though heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress thro' the road of heav'n star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' Angelic squadron
bright

Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears; as thick, as when a field
Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands
Left on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other side, Satan alarm'd,

Book IV. PARADISE LOST. 133

Collecting all his might, dilated stood
Like *Tenerif*, or *Atlas*, un-remov'd :
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horror plum'd ; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear, and shield. Now dread-
ful deeds

Might have ensu'd : not only Paradise
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of heav'n perhaps, or all the elements,
At least had gone to wreck, disturb'd, and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt *Astræa*, and the Scorpion Sign,
(Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air
In counterpoise : now, ponders all events,
Battels, and realms :) in these he put two weights;
The sequel each of parting, and of fight ;
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam :
Which *Gabriel* spying, thus bespake the fiend.

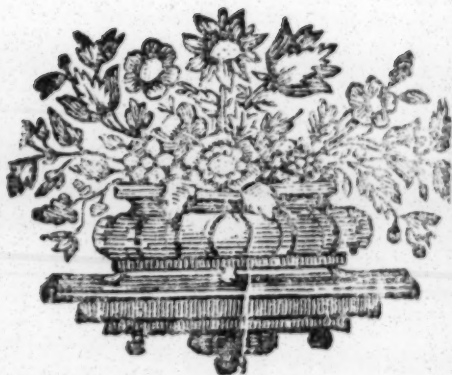
Satan ! I know thy strength, and thou know'st
mine :

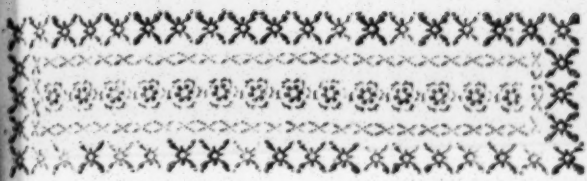
Neither our own, but giv'n : what folly then
To boast what arms can do ? since thine no more
Than heav'n permits ; nor mine, tho' doubled now
To trample thee as mire : for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon cœlestial Sign ;
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light ;
how weak,

134 PARADISE LOST. Book IV.

If thou resist The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled
Murm'ring , and with him fled the shades of night.

The End of the fourth Book.





PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

The ARGUMENT.

Morning approach'd, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their daily labors: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render Man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Baphael comes down to Paradise; his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar-off, sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, en-

certains him with the choicest fruits of
 Paradise got together by Eve ; their dis-
 course at table : Raphael performs his mes-
 sage , minds Adam of his state , and of
 his enemy ; relates , at Adam's request ,
 who that enemy is , and how he came to
 be so ; beginning from his first revolt in
 heaven , and the occasion thereof ; how he
 drew his legions after him to the parts of
 the north , and there incited them to rebel
 with him ; persuading all but only Abdiel
 a Seraph , who in argument dissuades and
 opposes him , then forsakes him.



NOW Morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
 When *Alam* wak'd : so custom'd ; for his sleep
 Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred,
 And temperate vapors bland, which th' only sound
 Of leaves, and fuming rills, (*Aurora's* fan)
 Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
 Of birds on every bough. So much the more
 His wonder was, to find unwak'n'd *Eve*
 With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek ;
 As through unquiet rest : he, on his side
 Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
 Hung over her enamor'd ; and beheld
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces : then, with voice
 Mild as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,
 Her hand soft-touching, whisper'd thus : Awake
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
 Heav'n's last best gift, my ever-new delight !
 Awake : the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us ; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
 How nature plaints her colors, how the bee
 On the bloom extracting liquid sweet.
 Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled eye
Alam ; whom embracing, thus she spake.
 O sole ! in whom my thoughts find all repose,

138 PARADISE LOST. Book V.

My glory, my perfection ! glad I see
 Thy face, and morn return'd ; for I this night,
 (Such night till this I never pass'd,) have dream'd,
 (If dream'd) not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day pass'd, or morrow's next design:
 But, of offense, and trouble ; which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night. Methought
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
 With gentle voice ; thought it thine : it said,
 Why sleep'st thou *Eve* ? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
 Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song ; now reigns
 Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasant light
 Shadowy sets off the face of things ; in vain,
 If none regard : heav'n wakes with all his eyes ;
 Whom to behold but Thee, nature's desire ?
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.

I rose, as at thy call ; but found thee not :
 To find thee I directed then my walk ;
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd, thro' ways
 That brought me on a sudden to the Tree
 Of interdicted Knowledge : fair it seem'd,
 Much fairer, to my fancy, than by day :
 And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood
 One shap'd, and wing'd, like one of those from
 Heav'n,

By us oft seen : his dewy locks distill'd
Ambrosia ; on that tree he also gaz'd ;

Book V. PARADISE LOST. 139

And, O fair plant, said he, with fruit furcharg'd!
 Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet?
 Nor God, nor man? Is knowledge so despis'd?
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me with-hold
 Longer thy offer'd good: why else set here?
 This said, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
 He pluck'd, he tasted: me damp horror chill'd
 At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold.
 But he thus, overjoy'd: O fruit divine!
 Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus crop'd!
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
 For Gods, yet able to make Gods of men:
 And why not Gods of men, since good the more
 Communicated, more abundant grows,
 The author not impair'd, but honor'd more?
 Here, happy creature, fair Angelic *Eve*!
 Partake thou also: happy though thou art,
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
 Thy self a Goddess; not to earth confin'd,
 But sometimes in the air, as we; sometimes
 Ascend to heav'n, by merit thine, and see
 What life the Gods live there, and such live Thou.
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Even to my mouth, of that same fruit held part
 Which he had pluck'd: the pleasant savoury smell
 To quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
 Could not but taste! Forthwith up to the clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld

140 PARADISE LOST. Book V.

The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide,
And various: wond'ring at my flight, and change
Tho this high exaltation; suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk
down,

And fell asleep: but O, how glad I wak'd
Tho find this but a dream! Thus *Eve* her night
Related, and thus *Adam* answer'd sad.

Best image of my self, and dearer half!
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally: nor can I like
This uncooth dream, of evil sprung, I fear.
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know, that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief: among these Fancy next
Her office holds: of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
Which Reason joining, or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge, or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell, when nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but, mis-joining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams;
Ill matching words, and deeds, long past, or late
Some such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream;
But with addition strange: yet, be not sad;

Book V. PARADISE LOST. 141

Evil into the mind of God, or man,
 May come, and go, so un-approv'd, and leave
 No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
 Be not di-hearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
 That wont to be more chearful, and serene,
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world:
 And let us to our fresh employments rise,
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flow'rs,
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
 Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.
 So chear'd he his fair spouse, and she was
 chear'd;

But silently a gentle tear let fall
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair:
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,
 Each in their crystal sluice, he e'er they fell
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
 So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste:
 But first, from under shady arboreous roof,
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the sun, (who scarce up-ris'n,
 With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean-brim,
 Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray,
 Discov'ring in wide landscape all the east
 Of Paradise, and Eden's happy plains.)
 Lowly they bow'd, adoring, and began
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid

142 PARADISE LOST. Book V.

In various style ; for neither various style ,
Nor holy rapture , wanted they , to praise
Their Maker , in fit strains pronounc'd , or sung
Unmeditated ; such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips , in prose , or numerous verse ;
More tunable , than needed lute , or harp ,
To add more sweetness ; and they thus began .

These are Thy glorious works , Parent of Good !
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame ,
Thus wondrous fair ; Thy self how wondrous then !
Unspeakable ! who sitt'st above these heav'ns ,
To us invisible , or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works : yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought , and pow'r divine .
Speak ye who best can tell , ye sons of light ,
Angels ! for ye behold Him , and with songs ,
And choral symphonies , day without night ,
Circle His throne rejoicing ; ye in heav'n :
On earth join all ye creatures , to extol
Him first , Him last , Him midst , and without end !
Fairest of stars , last in the train of night ,
If better thou belong not to the dawn
Sure pledge of day , that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet , praise Him in thy sphere
While day arises , that sweet hour of prime .
Thou sun ! of this great world both eye and soul ,
Acknowledge Him thy greater ; sound His praise
In thy eternal course , both when thou climb'st ,
And when high noon hast gain'd , and when thou
fall'st .

Book. V. PARADISE LOST. 143

Moon ! that now meet'st the orient sun , now fly'st.
With the fix'd stars , fix'd in their orb that flies ;
And ye five other wandring fires ! that move
In mystic dance not without song , resound
His praise , who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air , and ye elements ! the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb , that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle , multiform ; and mix ,
And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our Great Maker still new praise
Ye mists , and exhalations ! that now rise
From hill , or steaming lake , dusky , or grey ,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold ,
In honor to the world's great Author rise :
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky ,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs ,
Rising , or falling , still advance His praise.
His praise , ye winds ! that from four quarters blow ,
Breathe soft , or loud ; and wave your tops , ye
pines :

With every plant , in sign of worship wave.
Fountains ! and ye that warble , as ye flow ,
Melodious murmurs ! warbling tune His praise.
Join voices all ye living souls ! ye birds ,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend ,
Bear on your wings , and in your notes , His praise !
Ye that in waters glide , and ye that walk
The earth , and stately tread , or lowly creep !
Witness if I be silent , morn or even ,
To hill , or valley , fountain , or fresh shade ,

144 PARADISE LOST. Book V.

Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
 Hail Universal Lord ! be bounteous still
 To give us only good : and if the night
 Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark !

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
 Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm.
 On to their morning's rural work they haste,
 Among sweet dews, and flow'rs ; where any row
 Of fruit-trees, over-woody, reach'd too far
 Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
 Fruitless embraces : or, they led the vine
 To wed her elm ; she spous'd, about him twine
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
 Her dow'r, th' adopted clusters, to adorn
 His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
 With pity heav'n's high King, and to Him call'd
 Raphael, the sociable spirit, that design'd
 To travel with Tobias, and secur'd
 His marriage with the seven-times wedded maid.

Raphael, said He, thou hear'st what stir on earth
 Satan, from hell scap'd through the darksome gulph
 Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd
 This night the human pair, how he designs
 In them at once to ruin all mankind :
 Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
 Converse with Adam, in what bow'r or shade
 Thou find'st him, from the heat of noon retir'd,
 To respite his day-labor with repast,
 Or with repose : and such discourse bring on,

As may advise him of his happy state,
 Happiness in his pow'r left free to will,
 Left to his own free will; his will, though free,
 Yet mutable: whence warn him to beware
 He swerve not, too secure. Tell him withal
 His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
 Late fall'n himself from heav'n, is plotting now
 The fall of others from like state of bliss:
 By violence? no: for that shall be withstood:
 But by deceit, and lies: this let him know,
 Left wilfully transgressing, he pretend
 Surprisal, un-admonish'd, un-forewarn'd.

So spake th'Eternal Father, and fulfill'd
 All justice: nor delay'd the winged saint,
 After his charge receiv'd; but from among
 Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood
 Vell'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light,
 Flew thro' the midst of heav'n: th' Angelic Choirs,
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
 Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
 Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide,
 On golden hinges turning; as by work
 Divine, the sov'reign architect had fram'd.
 From hence (no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
 Star interpos'd,) however small, he sees
 (Not unconform to other shining globes)
 Earth, and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
 Above all hills. As when by night the glass
 Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes
 Imagin'd lands, and regions, in the moon:

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Or pilot, from amidst the *Cyclades*,
Delos, or *Samos*, first appearing kens
 A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
 Sails between worlds and worlds: with steady wing
 Now on the polar winds; then, with quick fan
 Winnows the buxom air: till within soar
 Of tow'ring eagles, t' all the fowls he seems
 A phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,
 When to inshrine his reliques in the sun's
 Bright temple, to *Ægyptian Thebes* he flies:
 At once on th' eastern cliff of *Paradise*
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns,
 A Seraph wing'd: six wings he wore, to shade
 His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
 With regal ornament: the middle pair
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
 skirted his loins, and thighs, with downy gold,
 And colors dip'd in heav'n: the third, his feet
 shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
 sky-tinctur'd grain! Like *Maia's* son he stood,
 And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance
 fill'd

The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
 Of Angels under watch; and to his state,
 And to his message high, in honor rise;
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound.
 Their glitt'ring tents he pass'd, and now is come
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,

And flow'ring odors, cassia, nard, and balm;
 A wilderness of sweets ! for Nature here
 Wanton'd, as in her prime, and plaid at will
 Her virgin-fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
 Wild above rule, or art, enormous bliss !
 Him through the spicy forest onward come
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
 Of his cool bow'r ; while now the mounted sun
 Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm
 Earth's inmost womb, (more warmth than *Adam*
 needs)

And *Eve* within, due at her hour, prepar'd
 For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
 Of nectarious draughts between, from milky stream,
 Berry, or grape ; to whom thus *Adam* call'd.

Haste hither *Eve* ! and worth thy sight behold
 Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
 Comes this way moving ; seems another morn
 Ris'n on mid-noon ; some great behest from heav'n
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
 This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
 And what thy stores contain, bring forth, and pour
 Abundance, fit to honor and receive
 Our heav'nly stranger : well we may afford
 Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
 From large bestow'd, where nature multiplies
 Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

To whom thus *Eve*. *Adam* ! earth's hallow'd mould,

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Of God inspir'd! small store will serve, where store
 (All seasons) ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes.
 But I will haste, and from each bough, and brake,
 Each plant, and juiciest gourd, will pluck such
 choice

To entertain our Angel-guest, as he
 Beholding shall confess, that here on earth
 God hath dispens'd his bounties, as in heav'n.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
 What choice to chuse for delicacy best;
 What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
 Tastes, not well join'd, in-elegant; but bring
 Taste after Taste, upheld with kindliest change:
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
 Whatever earth, all bearing mother, yields
 In *India* east or west; or middle shore
 In *Pontus*, or the *Punic* coast; or where
Alcinous reign'd; fruit of all kinds, in coat
 Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
 She gathers; tribute large! and on the board
 Heaps with unsparing hand: for drink, the grape
 She crushes, (inoffensive Must!) and meathes
 From many a berry: and, from sweet kernels press'd,
 She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold
 Wants her fit vessels pure: then, strews the ground
 With rose, and odors from the shrub, unsum'd.
 Mean-while our primitive great fire, to meet

Book V. PARADISE LOST. 149

His god-like guest, walks forth ; without more train
 Accompany'd than with his own complete
 Perfections ; in himself was all his state :
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
 On Princes , when their rich retinue long
 Of horses led , and grooms besmear'd with gold ,
 Dazzles the crowd , and sets them all a-gape.
 Nearer his presence , *Adam* , though not aw'd ,
 Yet with submits approach , and reverence meek ,
 As to a superior nature , bowing low ,
 Thus said. Native of heav'n ! (for other place ,
 None can than heav'n such glorious shape contain)
 Since by descending from the Thrones above ,
 Those happy places thou hast deign'd a-while
 To want , and honor these , vouchsafe with us
 Two only , who yet by sov'reign gift possess
 This spacious ground , in yonder shady bow'r
 To rest ; and what the garden choicest bears
 To sit and taste , 'till this meridian heat
 Be over , and the sun more cool decline.

Whom thus th' Angelic Virtue answer'd mild.
Adam ! I therefore came ; nor art thou such
 Created , or such place hast here to dwell ,
 As may not oft invite , (though spirits of heav'n ,)
 To visit thee : lead on then where thy bow'r
 O'ershades ; for these mid-hours , till ev'ning rise ,
 I have at will So to the sylvan Lodge
 They came , that like *Pomona's* arbor smil'd ,
 With flow'rets deck'd , and fragrant smells : but

Eve

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Undeck'd, save with her self, (more lovely fair
Than Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd
Of three, that in mount *Ida* naked strove !)
Stood t'entertain her guest from heav'n : no veil
She needed, virtue-proof ; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Hail*
Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd
Long after to blest *Mary*, second *Eve*.

Hail, Mother of Mankind ! whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
Than with these various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table Rais'd of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had round :
And on her ample square, from side to side,
All autumn pil'd ; tho' spring, and autumn, here
Danc'd hand in hand. A-while discourse they hold ;
(No fear lest dinner cool) when thus began
Our author. Heav'nly stranger ! please to taste
These bounties, which our Nourisher, (from Whom
All perfect good, un-measur'd out, descends
To us for food, and for delight,) hath caus'd
The earth to yield : unfavoury food, perhaps,
To spiritual natures ; only this I know,
That one cœlestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what He gives
(Whose praise be ever sung !) to man, in part
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
No ingrateful food : and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require,
As doth your rational ; and both contain

Book V. PARADISE LOST. 151

Within them ev'ry lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch,
taste :

Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For I now, whatever was created, needs
To be sustain'd, and fed : of elements ,
The grosser feeds the purer ; earth the sea ;
Earth, and the Sea, seed air ; the air, those fires
Ethereal ; and as lowest, first the moon ;
Whence, in her visage round, those spots, un-
purg'd

Vapors, not yet into her substance turn'd.
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent, to higher orbs.
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimantal recompense ,
In humid exhalations ; and at ev'n
Sups with the ocean. Though in heav'n the Trees
Of Life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield Nectar ; though from off the boughs each
morn

We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain : yet God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights ,
As may compare with heaven ; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice So down they sat ,
And to their viands fell : nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, (the common gloss
Of theologians) but with keen dispatch

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Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
 To transubstantiate : what redounds, transpires
 Through spirits with ease : nor wonder ; if by fire
 Of sooty coal, the empiric alchymist
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
 As from the Mine. Mean-while at table Eve
 Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
 With pleasant liquors crown'd. O innocence
 Deserving Paradise ! if ever, then,
 Then had the sons of God excuse t' have been
 Enamor'd at that sight : but, in those hearts
 Love un-libidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
 Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell.

Thus when with meats, and drinks, they had
 suffic'd,

Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose
 In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass,
 Giv'n him by this great conference, to know
 Of things above this world, and of their Being
 Who dwell in heav'n : whose excellence he saw
 Transcend his own so far ; whose radiant forms,
 Divine effulgence ! whose high pow'r, so far
 Exceeded human ; and his wary speech
 Thus to th' empyreal minister he fram'd.

Inhabitant with God ! now know I well
 Thy favor, in this honor done to man ;
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste ;
 Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,

Book V. PARADISE LOST. 153

As that more willingly thou could'st not seem
At heav'n's high feasts t' have fed : yet what com-
pare ?

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.

O Adam ! One Almighty is, from Whom
All things proceed, and up to Him return,
If not deprav'd from good ; created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life :
But more refin'd, more spiritous ! and pure,
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending,
Each in their several active spheres assign'd :
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So, from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk ; from thence, the
leaves

More aery ; last, the bright consummate flow'r
Spirits odorous breathes ; flow'rs, and their fruit ;
(Man's nourishment) by gradual scale sublim'd,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual ; give both life, and sense,
Fancy, and understanding ; whence the soul
Reason receives ; and reason is her Being,
Discursive, or intuitive ; discourse
The closest yours, the latter most is ours ;
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance. Time may come, when men

154 PARADISE LOST. Book V.

With Angels may participate, and find
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare:
 And from these corporal nutriments, perhaps,
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
 Improv'd by tract of time; and wing'd ascend
 Ethereal, as we; or may at choice,
 Here, or in heav'nly Paradises, dwell;
 If ye be found obedient, and retain
 Unalterably firm His love entire;
 Whose progeny you are. Mean-while, enjoy
 Your fill what happiness this happy state
 Can comprehend, incapable of more.

To whom the patriarch of mankind repli'd:
 O favorable spirit, propitious guest!
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
 Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
 From centre to circumference; whereon,
 In contemplation of created things,
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
 What meant that caution join'd, *if ye be found*
Obedient? Can we want obedience then
 To Him? or possibly His love desert
 Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
 Human desires can seek, or apprehend?

To whom the Angel. Son of heav'n, and earth
 Attend! That thou art happy, owe to God:
 That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
 This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd!

Book V. PARADISE LOST. 155

God made thee perfect, not immutable ;
 And good He made thee ; but to persevere
 He left it in thy pow'r ; ordain'd thy will
 By nature free , not over-rul'd by fate
 In-extricable , or strict necessity.
 Our voluntary service He requires ,
 Not our necessitated ; such with Him
 Finds no acceptance , nor can find : for how
 Can hearts , not free , be try'd whether they serve
 Willing or no , who will but what they must
 By destiny , and can no other chuse ?
 My self , and all th' angelic host , that stand
 In sight of God in-thron'd , our happy state
 Hold , as you yours , while our obedience holds ;
 On other surety none : freely we serve ,
 Because we freely love ; as in our will
 To love , or not , in this we stand , or fall.
 And some are fall'n , to disobedience fall'n ;
 And so , from heav'n to deepest hell : O fall
 From what high state of bliss , into what woe !
 Tho whom our great progenitor. Thy words
 Attentive , and with more delighted ear ,
 Divine instructor ! I have heard , than when
 Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hills
 Aerial music send. Nor knew I not
 To be both will , and deed , created free :
 Yet , that we never shall forget to love
 Our Maker , and obey Him , whose command
 Single , is yet so just , my constant thoughts
 Assur'd me , and still assure ; though what thou
 tell'st

156 PARADISE LOST. Book V.

Hath past in heav'n, some doubt within me move,
But more desire to hear (if thou consent)
The full relation : which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard :
And we have yet large day ; for , scarce the sun
Hath finish'd half his journey , and scarce begins
His other half in the great zone of heav'n.

Thus *Adam* made request ; and *Raphael* ,
After short pause assenting , thus began.

High matter thou enjoin'st me , O prime of men
Sad task , and hard ! For how shall I relate
To human sense th' invisible exploits
Of warring spirits ? How , without remorse ,
The ruin of so many , glorious once ,
And perfect , while they stood ? how , last , unfold
The secrets of another world , perhaps
Not lawful to reveal ? Yet , for thy good ,
This is dispens'd : and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense , I shall delineate so ,
By lik'ning spiritual to corporeal forms ,
As may express them best : though , what if earth
Be but the shadow of heav'n ; and things therein
Each t' other like , more than on earth is thought

As yet this world was not , and *Chaos* wild
Reign'd where these heav'ns now revl , where earth
now rests

Upon her centre pois'd ; when on a day
(For time , though in eternity , apply'd
To motion , measures all things durable
By present , past , and future) on such day

Book V. PARADISE LOST. 157

As heav'n's great year brings forth , th' empyreal
host

Of Angels , by imperial summons call'd ,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne
Forthwith , from all the ends of heav'n appear'd
Under their hierarchs in orders bright :
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd ,
(Standards , and gonfalons , 'twixt van , and rear)
Stream in the air , and for distinction serve
Of Hierarchies , of Orders , and Degrees :
Or in their glittering tissues bear imblaz'd
Holy memorials , acts of zeal , and love ,
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit in-expressible they stood ,
Orb within orb , the Father Infinite ,
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son ,
Amidst (as from a flaming mount , whose top
Brightness had made invisible) thus spake.
Hear all ye Angels , progeny of light ,
Thrones , Dominations , Princedoms , Virtues ,
Pow'rs !

Hear My decree , which unrevok'd shall stand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son , and on this holy hill
Him have anointed , whom ye now behold
At my right hand ; your Head I Him appoint :
And by My Self have sworn , to Him shall bow
All knees in heav'n , and shall confess Him Lord.
Under His great Vice-gerent reign abide
United , as one individual soul ,

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For ever happy : Him who disobey's ,
 Me disobey's , breaks union , and that day
 Cast out from God , and blessed vision , falls
 Into utter darkness , deep in-gulf'd , his place
 Ordain'd without redemption , without end.

So spake th' Omnipotent , and with His words
 'All seem'd well pleas'd : all seem'd , but were not
 all.

That day , as other solemn days , they spent
 In song , and dance , about the sacred hill ;
 Mystical dance ! (which yonder starry sphere
 Of Planets , and of Fix'd , in all her wheels
 Resembles nearest ; mazes intricate ,
 Eccentric , intervolv'd , yet regular ,
 Then most , when most irregular they seem .)
 And in their motions harmony divine
 So smooths her charming tones , that God's own ear
 Listens delighted . Ev'ning now approach'd
 (For we have also our ev'ning , and our morn ;
 We ours for change delectable , not need)
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
 Desirous : all in circles as they stood ,
 Tables are set , and on a sudden pil'd
 With Angels food , and rubied Nectar flows
 In pearl , in diamond , and massy gold ;
 Fruit of delicious vines , the growth of heav'n !
 On flow'rs repos'd , and with rich flow'rets crown'd
 They eat , they drink , and in communion sweet
 Quaff immortality , and joy , (secure
 Of surfeit , where full measure only bounds

Book V. PARADISE LOST. 159

Excess) before th' all-bounteous King, who showr'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.

Now when ambrosial night, with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and
shade

Spring both, the face of brightest heav'n had
chang'd

To grateful twilight; (for night comes not there
In darker veil) and roseate dew dispos'd

All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest;

Wide over all the plain, and wider far

Than all this globose earth in plain out-spread,

(Such are the courts of God !) th' angelic throng

Dipers'd in bands, and files, their camp extend

By living streams, among the trees of life,

Pavilions numberless ! and sudden rear'd,

Celestial tabernacles, where they slept

Fann'd with cool winds; save those who, in their
course,

Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne

Alternate all night long. But, not so wak'd

Satan: (so call him now; his former name

is heard no more in heaven) He of the first,

is not the first Arch-Angel, great in pow'r,

in favor, and pre-eminence; yet fraught

With envy against the Son of God, that day]

Honor'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd

Messiah, Kind anointed, could not bear

His pride that fight, and thought himself in-
pair'd.

160 PARADISE LOST. Book V.

Deep malice thence conceiving, and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour,
Friendliest to sleep, and silence, he resolv'd
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Un-worship'd, oun-bey'd, the throne supreme,
Contemptuous; and his next subordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep'st thou, companion dear! what sleep can
close

Thy eye--lids, and remember'st what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips
Of heav'n's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont t' impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest impos'd
New laws from Him who reigns, new minds ma-
raise

In us who serve; new counsels; to debate
What doubtful may ensue: more in this place
To utter is not safe. . . . Assemble thou
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief:
Tell them that by command, e'er yet dim night
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste
(And all who under me their banners wave)
Homeward, with flying march, where we possess
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King.
The great *Messiah*, and his new commands;
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws

Book V. PARADISE LOST. 161

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd
 Bad influence into th' unwary breast
 Of his associate : he together calls ,
 Or several one by one , the regent Pow'rs ,
 (Under him regent) tells , as he was taught ,
 That the Most High commanding , now e'er night ,
 Now e'er dim night had dis-incumber'd heav'n ,
 The great hierarchal standard was to move :
 Tells the suggested cause , and casts between
 Ambiguous words , and jealousies ; to sound ,
 Or taint integrity : but all obey'd
 The wonted signal , and superior voice
 Of their great Potentate : (for great indeed
 His name , and high was his degree in heav'n :)
 His count'nance , as the morning-star that guides
 The starry flock , allur'd them ; and with lies
 Drew after him the third part of heav'n's host.

Mean while th' Eternal Eye , whose sight discerns
 Abstrusest thoughts , from forth His holy mount ,
 And from within the golden lamps that burn
 Rightly before Him , saw , without their light ,
 Rebellion rising ; saw , in whom , how spread
 Among the Sons of Morn , what multitudes
 Were banded to oppose His high decree ;
 And smiling , to His only Son thus said.

Son ! Thou in whom My glory I behold
 In full resplendence , Heir of all My might ?
 Nearly it now concerns Us to be sure.

Of our Omnipotence ; and with what arms
 We mean to hold , what antiently We claim.

162 PARADISE LOST. Book V.

Of Deity, or empire : such a foe
Is rising, who intends t' erect his throne
Equal to Ours, throughout the spacious north,
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battel, what Our pow'r is, or Our right.
Let Us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ
In our defense : lest unawares we lose
This Our high place, Our sanctuary, Our hill.

To whom the Son, with calm aspect, and clear
(Light'ning divine, in-effable, serene !)
Made answer. Mighty Father ! Thou Thy foes
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh'st at their vain designs, and tumults vain :
Matter to Me of glory ! Whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal pow'r
Giv'n Me to quell their pride ; and in event
Know whether I be dext'rous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in heav'n.

So spake the Son : but Satan, with his Pow'r
Far was advanc'd on winged speed ; an host
Innumerable ! as the stars of night,
Or (stars of morning) dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls ! on every leaf, and ev'ry flow'r.
Regions they pass'd, and mighty regencies
Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,
In their triple degrees : (regions, to which
All thy dominion, *Adam*, is no more,
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea ; from one entire globe

Book. V. PARADISE LOST. 163

Stretch'd into longitude ;) which having pass'd ,
 At length into the limits of the north
 They came ; and Satan to his royal seat
 High on a hill , far blazing (as a mount
 Rais'd on a mount) with pyramids , and tow'rs ;
 From diamond quarries hew'n ; and rocks of gold ;
 The Palace of great *Lucifer* ; (so call
 That structure , in the dialect of men
 Interpreted) which not long after he ,
 Affecting all equality with God ,
 In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of heav'n ,
 The Mountain of the Congregation call'd :
 For thither he assembled all his train ;
 Pretending so commanded , to consult
 About the great reception of their King ,
 Thither to come : and with calumnious art
 Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones , Dominations , Princedoms , Virtues ,
 Pow'rs !

If these magnific titles yet remain ,
 Not merely titular ! since by decree
 Another now hath to Himself ingross'd
 All pow'r , and us eclips'd , under the name
 Of King anointed : for Whom all this haste
 Of midnight-march , and hurry'd meeting here ;
 This only to consult , how we may best ,
 With what may be devis'd of honors new ,
 Receive Him , coming to receive from us
 Due-tribute , yet un-paid : prostration vile .

164 PARADISE LOST. Book V.

Too much to One ! but double , how indur'd !
 To One , and to His image now proclaim'd !
 But , what if better counsels might erect
 Our minds , and teach us to cast off this yoke ?
 Will ye submit your necks , and chuse to bend
 The supple knee ? Ye will not , if I trust
 To know ye right ; or if ye know your selves
 Natives , and sons of heav'n ; possess before
 By none ; and if not equal all , yet free ,
 Equally free : for orders , and degrees ,
 Jar not with liberty , but well consist.
 Who can in reason then , or right , assume
 Monarchy over such as live by right
 His equals ? if in pow'r and splendor less ,
 In freedom equal. Or , can introduce
 Law and edict on us , who without law
 Err not ? Much less , for This to be our Lord ,
 And look for adoration , to th' abuse
 Of those imperial titles , which assert
 Our being ordain'd to govern , not to serve ! . . .

Thus far his bold discourse without controul
 Had audience ; when among the Seraphim ,
Abdiel , (than whom none with more zeal ador'd
 The Deity , and divine commands obey'd)
 Stood up , and in a flame of zeal severe ,
 The current of his fury thus oppos'd .

O argument blasphemous , false , and proud !
 Words ! which no ear ever to hear in heav'n
 Expected , least of all from Thee , ingrate !
 In place thy self so high above thy peers ,

Book V. PARADISE LOST. 165

Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounc'd, and sworn :
That to his only Son, by right indu'd
With regal sceptre, every soul in heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due
Confess him rightful King ? Unjust, thou say'st ;
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And, equal over equals, to let reign
One over all, with unsucceeded pow'r
Shalt *Thou* give law to God ? shalt *Thou* dispute
With Him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art ? and form'd the Pow'rs of
heav'n
Such as He pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their Being ?
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
And of our good, and of our dignity
How provident He is ; how far from thought
To make us less : bent rather to exalt
Our happy state, under one Head more near
United But, to grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals monarch reign :
Thy self (though great and glorious) dost thou
count,
Or all Angelic Nature join'd in one,
Equal to Him begotten Son ? By Whom,
As by His Word, the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n *Thee*, and all the spirits of heav'n ;
By him created in their bright degrees :
Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory nam'd
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,
Pow'rs ;

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Essential Pow'rs! nor by his reign obscur'd,
But more illustrious made; since He the Head
One of our Number thus reduc'd becomes;
His laws our laws; all honor to Him done
Returns our own.... Cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these; but hasten to appease
Th' incens'd Father, and th' incens'd Son,
While pardon may be found, in time besought.

So spake the fervent Angel: but his zeal
None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
Or singular, and rash: whereat rejoic'd
Th' apostate, and more haughty thus reply'd.
That we were form'd then, say'st thou? and th'
work

Of secondary hands, by task transfer'd
From Father to His Son? Strange point, and new
Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd
who saw

When this creation was? Remember'st Thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee Being?
We know no time when We were not as now;
Know none before us; self-begot, self-rai'd
By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal course
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native heav'n, ethereal sons.
Our puissance is our own, our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then! thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begird th' Almighty throne

Book V. PARADISE LOST. 167

Beseeching, or besieging. This report,
These tidings, carry to th' anointed King ;
And fly, e'er evil intercept thy flight !

He said, and, as the sound of waters deep ,
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause ,
Through the infinite host : nor less for that
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone
Incompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold ;

O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,
Forfaken of all good ! I see thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread
Both of thy crime, and punishment. Henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's *Messiah* : those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsaf'd ; other decrees
Against thee are gone forth, without recall.
That golden sceptre which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod, to bruise, and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise ;
Yet not for thy advice, or threats, I fly
These wicked tents devoted ; lest the wrath
Independent, raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not ? for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire !
Then ! who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can un-create thee thou shalt know.
So spake the Seraph *Abdiel*, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he :
Among innumerable false, un-mov'd.

168 PARADISE LOST. Book V.

Un-shaken, un-seduc'd, un-terrify'd,
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal.
 Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
 Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
 Long way through hostile scorn; which he sustain'd
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought:
 And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
 On those proud tow'rs, to swift destruction doom'd.

The end of the fifth Book.



PARADISE



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

The ARGUMENT.

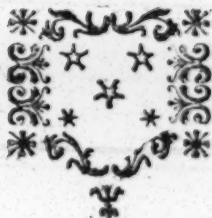
Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battel against Satan and his Angels. The first fight describ'd : Satan and his Powers retire under night : he calls a council , invents devilish engines , which in the second day's fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder ; but they at length pulling up mountains , overwhelm'd both the force and machines of Satan : yet the tumult not so ending , God on the third day sends Messiah His Son , for whom He had reserv'd the glory of that victory : He in the power of His Father coming to the place , and

Tome I.

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156 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

causing all His legions to stand still on
 either side, with His chariot and thunder
 driving into the midst of His enemies, pur-
 sues them, unable to resist, towards the
 wall of heaven; which opening, they leap
 down with horror and confusion into the
 place of punishment prepared for them in
 the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph
 to His Father.



ALL night the dread-les Angel, un-pursu'd,
Thro' heav'n's wide champain held his way; till
Morn,

Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy hand
Un-barr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by His throne
Where light, and darkness, in perpetual round
Lodge, and dis-lodge, by turns; which makes thro'
heav'n

Grateful vicissitude, like day, and night:
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the heav'n, (tho' darkness there might
well

Seem twilight here) and now went forth the Morn;
Such as in highest heav'n, array'd in gold
Empyreal; from before her vanish'd night,
Shot thro' with orient beams: when all the plain
Cover'd with thick imbattled squadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct; and found
Already known, what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among those friendly Pow'rs, who him receiv'd
With joy, and acclamations loud, that One,
That of so many myriads fall'n, yet One
Return'd, not lost. On to the sacred hill

172 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme ; from whence a voice ;
From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.

Servant of God, well done ! well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd,
Against revolted multitudes, the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms ;
'And for the testimony of truth hast born
Universal reproach ; far worse to bear
Than violence : for this was all thy care
To stand approv'd in sight of God, tho' worlds
Judg'd thee perverse. The easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return,
Than scorn'd thou didst depart ; and to subdue
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law ; and for their king
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.

Go, *Michael* ! of *cœlestial* armies Prince ;
And thou, in military prowess next,
Gabriel ! lead forth to battel these my sons
Invincible ; lead forth thy armed Saints,
By thousands, and by millions, rang'd for fight ;
Equal in number to that Godless crew,
Rebellious : them with fire, and hostile arms,
Fearless assault ; and to the brow of heav'n
Pursuing, drive them out from God, and bliss,
Into their place of punishment, the gulph
Of *Tartarus* ; which ready opens wide
His fiery chaos to receive their fall.

Book. VI. PARADISE LOST. 173

So spake the Sovereign Voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to rowl
And dusky wreathes reluctant flames; the sign
Of wrath awak'd! Nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:
At which command, the Powers militant
That stood for heav'n, (in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irresistible) mov'd on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd
Heroic ardor to advent'rous deeds,
Under their God-like Leaders, in the cause
Of God, and His *Messiah*. On they move
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides
Their perfect ranks: for, high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air up-bore
Their nimble tread: as when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summon'd over *Eden*, to receive
Their names of thee: so, over many a tract
Of heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide,
Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,
Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd
In battailous aspect, and nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portraid,
The banded Pow'rs of *Satan*, hastening on

174 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

With furious expedition : for they ween'd
 That self-same day, by fight, or by surprize,
 To win the mount of God ; and on His throne
 To set the envier of His state, the proud
 Aspirer : but their thoughts prov'd fond, and vain,
 In the mid-way. Through strange to us it seem'd
 At first, that Angel should with Angel war,
 And in fierce hosting meet ; who wont to meet
 So oft in festivals of joy, and love
 Unanimous, as sons of one Great Sire,
 Hymning th' Eternal Father : but, the shout
 Of battel now began, and rushing sound
 Of on-set, ended soon each milder thought.
 High in the midst, exalted as a God,
 Th' apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
 Idol of majesty divine ! inclos'd
 With flaming Cherubim, and golden shields :
 Then, lighted from his gorgeous throne, (for now
 Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
 A dreadful interval ! and, front to front
 Presented, stood in terrible array,
 Of hideous length) before the cloudy van,
 On the rough edge of battel e'er it join'd,
 Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
 Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant, and gold :
 'Abdiel that sight indur'd not, where he stood
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds ;
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores.
 O heav'n ! that such resemblance of the Highest
 Should yet remain ; where faith, and realty,

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 175

Remain not : where fore should not strength, and
might,

There fail, where virtue fails ; or weakest prove,
Where boldest ? Though to fight unconquerable,
His puissance (trusting in th' Almighty's aid !)
I mean to try ; whose reason I have try'd,
Unsound, and false : nor is it ought but just,
That he who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms ; in both disputes alike
Victor : though brutish that contest, and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force : yet so
Most reason is that reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed Peers
Forth-stepping opposite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd.

Proud, art thou met ? thy hope was to have
reach'd

The height of thy aspiring un-oppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd, at the terror of thy pow'r,
Or potent tongue : fool ! not to think how vain
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms :
Who out of smallest things, could, without end,
Have rais'd incessant armies, to defeat
Thy folly ; or with solitary hand,
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,
Un-aided, could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness : but, thou seest
All are not of thy train ; there be, who faith

176 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

Prefer, and piety to God ; though then
To thee not visible , when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all : my Sect thou see'st ; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know , when thousands
err.

Whom the grand foe , with scornful eye askance.
Thus answer'd. Ill for thee , but in wish'd hour
Of my revenge, first sought for , thou return'st
From flight, seditious Angel ! to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue;
Inspir'd with contradiction , durst oppose
A third part of the Gods , in synod met
Their Deities t'assert : who, while they feel
Vigor divine within them , can allow
Omnipotence to none. But , well thou com'st
Before thy fellows , ambitious to win
From me some plume ; that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest : this pause between ,
(Un-answer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know ,
At first I thought that liberty , and heav'n ,
To heav'nly souls had been all one ; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministring spirits, train'd up in feast, and song !
Such hast thou arm'd , the minstrelsy of heav'n,
Servility with freedom to contend ,
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.
To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* stern reply'd.
Apostate ; still thou err'st , nor end wilt find

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 177

Offering, from the path of truth remote :
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
 Of *Servitude*, to serve whom God ordains,
 Or Nature ; God, and Nature, bid the same ;
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
 Against his worthier, as Thine now serve Thee ;
 Thy self not free, but to thy self inthrall'd ;
 Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid.
 Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom ; let me serve
 In heav'n God ever blest, and his divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd !
 Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect : mean-while
 From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
 On the proud crest of *Satan*, that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
 Such ruin intercept : ten paces huge
 He back recoil'd ; the tenth, on bended knee,
 His massy spear up-staid : as if on earth
 Winds under ground, or waters, forcing way,
 Side-long had push'd a mountain from his seat,
 Half-sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
 The rebel thrones, but greater rage to see
 Thus foil'd their Mightiest : ours joy fill'd, and
 shout,

Passage of victory, and fierce desire

178 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

Of battel : whereat *Michael* bid sound
 Th' Arch-angel trumpet ; thro' the Vast of heav'n
 It sounded , and the faithful armies rung
 Hosanna to the Highest : nor stood at gaze
 The adverse legions , nor less hideous join'd
 The horrid shock. Now. Now storming fury rose,
 And clamor , such as heard in heav'n till now
 Was never ; arms on armor clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord , and the madding wheels
 Of brazen chariots rag'd : dire was the noise
 Of conflict ! over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew ;
 And flying , vaulted either host with fire.
 So , under fiery Cope together rush'd
 Both battels main , with ruinous assault,
 And in-extingui hable rage : all heav'n
 Resounded ; and had earth been then , all earth
 Had to her centre shook. What wonder ? when
 Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought
 On either side , the least of whom could wield
 These elements , and arm him with the force
 Of all their regions : how much more of pow'r
 Army against Army , numberless , to raise
 Dreadful combustion warring , and disturb ,
 Though not destroy , their happy native seat !
 Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent ,
 From His strom hold of heav'n , high over-rul'd
 And limited their might : though number'd such
 As each divided legion might have seem'd
 A numerous host ; in strength , each armed hand.

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 179

A legion; led in fight, yet Leader seem'd
 Each warrior; single, as in chief, expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
 Of battel, open when, and when to close
 The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
 That argu'd fear: each on himself rely'd,
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame
 Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
 That war, and various: sometimes on firm ground,
 A standing fight; then, soaring on main wing,
 Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
 Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale
 The battel hung; till Satan, (who that day
 Prodigious pow'r had shewn, and met in arms
 No equal) ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd
 Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
 Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
 Wide wasting! such destruction to withstand
 He halted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
 Of ten-fold adamant, his ample shield,
 A vast circumference! At his approach
 The great Arch-Angel from his war-like toil
 Ceas'd; and glad, as hoping here to end
 His ceaseless war in heav'n, th' arch-foe subdu'd,
 The captive drag'd in chains, with hostile frown,
 And visage all inflam'd, first thus began.

180 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

Author of evil ! un-known 'till thy revolt,
 Un-nam'd in heav'n, now plenteous, (as thou seest)
 These acts of hateful strife ; hateful to all
 Though heaviest (by just measure) on thy self,
 And thy adherents : how hast thou disturb'd
 Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
 Misery, un-created 'till the crime
 Of thy rebellion ! how hast thou instill'd
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright
 And faithful, now prov'd false ! But think not here
 To trouble holy rest : heav'n casts thee out
 From all her confines : heav'n, the seat of bliss,
 Brooks not the works of violence, and war.
 Hence then ! and evil go with thee along,
 Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell ;
 Thou and thy wicked crew ! there mingle broils ;
 E'er this avenging sword begin thy doom ;
 Or some more sudden vengeance, wing'd from
 God,

Precipitate there with augmented pain.

So spake the Prince of Angels ! to whom thus
 The Adversary. Nor think thou with wind
 Of aery threats to awe, whom yet with deeds
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
 To flight ? or if to fall, but that they rise
 Un-vanquish'd ; easier to transact with me
 That thou should'st hope, imperious ! and with
 threats

To chase me hence ? Err not that so shall end
 The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 181

The strife of glory : which we mean to win ,
 Or turn this heav'n it self into the hell
 Thou fablest ; here , however , to dwell free ;
 If not to reign : mean-while thy utmost force
 (And join Him nam'd *Almighty* to thy aid ,)
 I fly not ; but have sought thee far , and nigh .
 They ended parle , and both addrest for fight
 Un-speakable : for who , though with the tongue
 Of Angels , can relate ? or to what things
 Liken on earth conspicuous , that may lift
 Human imagination to such height
 Of God-like pow'r ? For likest Gods they seem'd ;
 stood they , or mov'd ; in stature , motion , arms ,
 It to decide the empire of great heav'n !
 Now wav'd their fiery swords , and in the air
 Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields
 Bar'd opposite , while expectation stood
 In horror : from each hand with speed retir'd ,
 Where erst was thickest fight , th' angelic throng ;
 And left large field , unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion : such as (to set forth
 Great things by small) if nature's concord broke ,
 Among the constellations war were sprung ,
 Two planets , rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition , in mid-sky ,
 Should combat , and their jarring spheres confound .
 Together both , with next t' Almighty arm
 Lifted imminent , one stroke they aim'd
 That might determine , and not need repeat ,
 As not of pow'r , at once) nor odds appear'd

182 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

In might, or swift prevention : but the sword
 Of *Michael*, from the armory of God
 Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen;
 Nor solid, might resist that edge : it met
 The sword of *Satan*, with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor staid,
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering shar'd
 All his right side : then *Satan* first knew pain,
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd thro' him ! But th' ethereal substance clos'd,
 Not long divisible ; and from the gash
 A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd,
 Sanguin (such as cœlestial spirits may bleed,)
 And all his armor stain'd, e'er-while so bright.
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
 By Angels many, and strong, who interpos'd
 Defense ; while others bore him on their shields
 Back to his chariot ; where it stood retir'd
 From off the files of war : there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
 His confidence to equal God in pow'r.
 Yet soon he heal'd ; for, spirits that live throug
 hout
 Vital in every part, (not, as frail man,
 In entrails, heart, or head, liver, or reins)
 Cannot but by annihilating die :
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 183

Receive, no more than can the fluid air :
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense; and as they please,
They limb themselves, and color, shape, and size
Assume, as likes them best, condense, or rare.

Mean-while in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of *Moloc*, furious King! who him defy'd,
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, not from the Holy One of heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous: but anon
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms,
And uncouth pain, fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel, and *Raphael*, his vaunting foe
(Tho' huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd)
Vanquish'd, *Adramelec*, and *Asmadai*,
Two potent Thrones! that to be less than Gods
Disdain'd; but meaner thoughts learn'd in their
flight,

Mangled with gastly wounds thro' plate, and mail.
Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel*, to annoy
The atheist-crew; but, with redoubled blow,
Ariel, and *Arioc*, and the violence
Of *Ramiel* scorch'd, and blasted, overthrew....
I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in heav'n,
Ask not the praise of men: the other sort
Might though wondrous, and in acts of war,

184 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
 Cancel'd from heav'n, and sacred memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
 For strength from truth divided, and from just,
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise,
 And ignominy; yet to glory aspires,
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame;
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom!

And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battle
 swerv'd,

With many an in-rode gor'd; deformed rout
 Enter'd, and foul disorder: all the ground
 With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
 Chariot, and charioteer, lay overturn'd,
 And fiery foaming steeds: what stood, recoil'd
 O'er-wearied, thro' the faint Satanic host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpriz'd;
 Then first with fear surpriz'd, and sense of pain,
 Fled ignominious: to such evil brought
 By sin of disobedience; till that hour,
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
 Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints,
 In cubic phalanx firm, advanc'd entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd:
 Such high advantages their Innocence
 Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd
 Not to have disobey'd! in fight they stood
 Un-wearied, un-obnoxious to be pain'd
 By wound, tho' from their place by violence
 mov'd.

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 18;

Now night her course began, and over heav'n.
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence, on the odious din of war.
Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor, and vanquish'd. On the foughren field,
Michael, and his Angels, prevalent
Encamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part,
Satan, with his rebellious, disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd: and void of rest,
His Potentates to council call'd by night;
And in the midst thus un-dismay'd began.

O! now in danger try'd, now known in arms -
No to be over-power'd, companions dear!
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
(Too mean pretense!) but, what we more affect,
Honor, dominion, glory, and renown;
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What heaven's Lord hath powerfullest to send
Against us from about His throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to His will.
But proves not so! . . . then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem Him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we indur'd, and pain,
Till now not known; but known, as soon con-
temn'd;

Hence now we find this our empyreal form
Capable of mortal injury,

Tom. I.

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186 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

Imperishable ; and though pierc'd with wound,
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
 Of evil then so small, as easy think
 The remedy : perhaps more valid arms,
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes ;
 Or equal what between us made the odds ;
 In nature none : if other hidden cause
 Left them superior, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,
 Due search, and consultation, will disclose.

He sat : and in th' assembly next upstood
Nisroc, of Principalities the prime ;
 As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,
 Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn ;
 And, cloudy in aspect, thus answering spake.

Deliverer from new Lords ! Leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right, as Gods ! yet hard
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find,
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
 Against un-pain'd, impassive ; from which evil
 Ruin must needs ensue ! for, what avails
 Valor, or strength, tho' matchless, quell'd with
 pain

Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of mightiest ? Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine ;
 But live content, which is the calmest life.
 But, pain is perfect misery, the worst
 Of evils ; and excessive, overturns

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 187

All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet un-wounded enemies, or arm
Our selves with like defense, to me deserves
No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto, with look compos'd, *Satan* reply'd.
Not un-invented that, which thou aright
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the bright surface
Of this ethereous mould, whereon we stand;
This continent of spacious heav'n, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flow'r ambrosial, gems, and
gold;

Whose eye so superficially surveys
These things, as not to mind from whence they
grow

Deep under ground; materials dark, and crude,
Of spiritous, and fiery spume, till touch'd
With heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light?

These, in their dark nativity, the Deep
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame:

Which into hollow engins, long, and round,
Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated, and infuriate, shall send forth

From far, with thund'ring noise, among our foes
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands

Adverse: that they shall fear we have disarm'd
The Thunderer of His only dreaded bolt.

188 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

Nor long shall be our labor ; yet e'er dawn,
Effect shall end our wish. Mean-while revive ;
Abandon fear ; to strength , and counsel join'd ,
Think nothing hard , much less to be despair'd.

He ended , and his words their drooping cheer
Inlighten'd , and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd , and each , how he
To be th' inventor miss'd , so easy it seem'd
Once found , which yet un-found most would have
thought

Impossible. Yet haply of thy race
In future days (if malice should abound)
Some one intent on mischief , or inspir'd
With dev'lish machination , might devise
Like instrument , to plague the sons of men.
For sin ; on war , and mutual slaughter , bent.
Forthwith from Council to the work they flew ,
None arguing stood : innumerable hands
Were ready ; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celestial soil ; and saw beneath
Th' originals of nature , in their crude
Conception : sulphurous , and nitrous foam
They found , they mingled , and with subtle art ,
Concocted , and adusted , they reduc'd
To blackest grain , and into store convey'd.
Part , hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral , and stone ;
Whereof to found their engines , and their balls
Of missive ruin : part , incentive reed
Provide , pernicious with one touch to fire.

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 189

So all e'er day-spring, under conscious night,
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection, un-espied.

Now when fair morn orient in heav'n appear'd,
Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host!
Soon banded: others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed
scour,

Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight
In motion, or in halt: him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in flow
But firm battalion: back with speediest sail
Zaphiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and in mid-air aloud thus cry'd,

Arm, warriors, arm for fight! the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit.
This day; fear not his flight, so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see
His resolution, and secure. Let each
His adamant coat gird well, and each
Grip well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
Down ev'n, or high; for, this day will pour down;
No conjecture ought, no drizzling show'r,
Nor rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.
So warn'd he them, aware themselves; and soon
In order, quit of all impediment,
Silent, without disturb, they took alarm;

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And onward move embattell'd : when behold !
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching gross, and huge ; in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginry, im-pal'd
On ev'ry side with shadowing squadrons deep,
Tho hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A-while ; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan ; and thus was heard commanding loud.

Van-guard ! to right , and left , the Front un-
fold ;

That all may see , who hate us , how we seek
Peace, and composure ; and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them , if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse.
But , that I doubt : however witness heav'n !
Heav'n witness thou anon ! while we discharge
Freely our part : ye who appointed stand ,
Do as you have in charge , and briefly touch
What we propound ; and loud , that all may hear

So scoffing in ambiguous words , he scarce
Had ended ; when to right , and left , the Front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd :
Which to our eyes discover'd (new, and strange !)
A triple mounted row of pillars , laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd ,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak , or fir ,
With branches lop'd , in wood or mountain fell'd
Brass , iron , stony mold ; had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide ,
Portending hollow truce : at each behind

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 191

A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed.
 Stood waving tip'd with fire ; while we suspense,
 Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd :
 Not long ! for sudden all at once their reeds
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
 With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
 (But soon obscur'd with smoke) all heav'n ap-
 pear'd,
 From those deep - throated engines belch'd, whose
 roar
 Embovel'd with outrageous noise the air,
 And all her entrails tore ; disgorging foul
 Their devilish glut, chain'd thunder-bolts, and
 hail
 Of iron globes, which on the victor host
 Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
 That whom they hit, none on their feet might
 stand,
 Though standing else as rocks ; but down they fell
 In thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd ;
 The sooner for their arms ; unarm'd they might
 Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift
 Or quick contraction, or remove :) but now
 Full dissipation follow'd, and forc'd rout ;
 Nor serv'd it to relax their ferried files.
 What should they do ? if on they rush'd, repulse
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to their foes a laughter, for in view,
 A second rank'd of Seraphim another row,

192 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

In posture to displode their second Tire
Of thunder : back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. *Satan* beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

O friends ! why come not on these victors proud ?
E'er while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front,
And breast, (what could we more ?) propounded
terms

Of composition, strait they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance : yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant, and wild : perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace : but I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus *Belial*, in like gamesome mood :
Leader ! the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force, urg'd home ;
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many : who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand ;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts
beyond

All doubt of victory : Eternal Might
To match with their inventions they presum'd
So easy, and of His thunder made a scorn,

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 193

And all His host derided, while they stood
A-while in trouble : but, they stood not long ;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them
arms

Against such hellish mischief fit t' oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd !)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from heav'n,
Of pleasure situate in hill, and dale)
Light as the light'ning glimpse they ran, they
flew,

From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terror, seiz'd the rebel host,
When coming towards them, so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd ;
Till on those cursed engines' triple-row
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains bury'd deep
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd :
Their armor help'd their harm, crush'd in, and
bruise'd

Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan ;
Long struggling underneath, e'er they could wind

194 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

Out of such prison, though spirits of purest
light :

(Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown)
The rest, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills up tore;
So, hills a-mid the air en-counter'd hills,
Hurl'd to, and fro, with jaculation dire;
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise ! war seem'd a civil game
To this uproar ; horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose. And now all heav'n
Had gone to wreck, with ruin over-spread,
Had not th' Almighty Father, where He sits
Shrin'd in His sanctuary of heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, fore-seen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd :
That His great purpose He might so fulfil,
To honor His Anointed Son, aveng'd
Upon His enemies, and to declare
All pow'r on Him transferr'd : whence to H

Son,

(Th' Assessor of His Throne) He thus began.

Effulgence of My Glory, Son belov'd!
Son ! in Whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deity I am ;
And in Whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence ! two days are past,
(Two days, as We compute the days of heav'n
Since Michael, and his Pow'rs, went forth
tame

Book. VI. PARADISE LOST. 195

These disobedient : sore hath been their fight ,
As likeliest was , when two such foes met arm'd :
For to themselves I left them ; and Thou know'st ;
Equal in their creation they were form'd ,
Save what sin hath impair'd ; which yet hath
wrought

Insensibly , for I suspend their doom :
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless , and no solution will be found.
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do ,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins ,
With mountains , as with weapons , arm'd ; which
makes

Wild work in heav'n , and dangerous to the main ,
Two days are therefore past , the third is Thine ;
For Thee I have ordain'd it ; and thus far
Have suffer'd , that the glory may be Thine
Of ending this great war , since none but Thou
Can end it. Into Thee such virtue , and grace
Immenſe , I have transfus'd , that all may know
In heav'n , and hell , Thy pow'r above compare ;
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus ,
To manifest Thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things ; to be Heir , and to be King
By ſacred Unction , Thy deſerved right.
Go then , Thou Mightieſt , in Thy Father's Might ;
Ascend My chariot , guide the rapid wheels
That ſhake heav'n's baſis , bring forth all My
war ,

My bow , and thunder ; My Almighty arms

196 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

Gird on, and sword upon Thy puissant thigh.
Pursue these sons of darkness; drive them out
From all heav'n's hounds, into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God, and *Messiah* His anointed King.

He said, and on His Son with rays direct
Shone full, He all His Father full express,
Ineffably into His face receiv'd:
And thus the Filial Godhead answer'd spake.

O Father! O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones!
First, Highest, Holiest, Best! Thou always seek'st
To glorifie Thy Son, I always Thee,
As is most just: this I My glory account,
My exaltation, and My whole delight,
That Thou in Me well-pleas'd, declar'st Thy
will

Fulfill'd, which to fulfill is all My bliss.
Sceptre, and pow'r, Thy giving, I assume;
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in Thee
For ever; and in Me all whom Thou lov'st:
But whom Thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put Thy mildness on,
Image of Thee in all things: and shall soon,
Arm'd with Thy might, rid heav'n of these re-
bell'd;

To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down
To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm;
That from Thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire.

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 197

Then shall Thy Saints un-mix'd, and from th' impure

Far separate, circling Thy holy mount
Un-fained hallelujahs to Thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them Chief.

So said, He o'er His sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where He sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through heav'n. Forth rush'd with whirl-
wind sound

The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel un-
drawn,

It self instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all,
And wings, were set with eyes; with eyes, the
wheels

Of beril; and careering fires between:
Over their heads a chrystal firmament;
Where on a saphir throne, (in-laid with pure
Amber, and colors of the show'ry arch)
He, in cœlestial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought:
Ascended: at His right hand, *Victory*
Sat eagle-wing'd: beside Him hung his bow,
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd:
And from about Him fierce effusion rowl'd
Of smoke, and bick'ring flame, and sparkles
dire.

198 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
 He onward came ; far off his coming shone,
 And twenty thousand (1 their number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen.
 He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
 On the chrySTALLIN sky, in saphir thron'd,
 Illustrious far, and wide : but by His own
 First seen, them un-expected joy surpriz'd,
 When the great ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd,
 Aloft by Angels born, His sign in heav'n ;
 Under whose conduct *Michael* soon reduc'd
 His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
 Under their Head imbody'd all in one.
 Before Him Pow'r Divine His way prepar'd ;
 At His command th' up-rooted hills retir'd
 Each to his place, they heard his voice, and went
 Obsequious ; heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
 And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.

This saw His hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,
 And to rebellious fight rallied their Pow'rs,
 Insensate ! hope conceiving from despair :
 In heav'nly spirits could such perverseness dwell
 But, (to convince the proud what signs avail,
 Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent !)
 They harden'd more, by what might most re-
 claim,

Grieving to see His glory, at the sight
 Took envy ; and aspiring to His height,
 Stood re-embattell'd fierce : by force, or fraud,
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevail

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 199

Against God, and *Messiah* ; or to fall
In universal ruin last : and now
To final battel drew, disdaining flight ,
Or faint retreat ; when the Great Son of God ,
To all His hosts on either hand , thus spake.
Stand still in bright array , ye Saints ! here
stand ,

Ye Angels arm'd ! this day from battel rest :
Faithful hath been your warfare , and of God
Accepted , fearless in His righteous cause :
And as ye have receiv'd , so have ye done ,
Invincibly. But , of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs :
Vengeance is His , or whose He sole appoints.
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd ,
Nor multitude : stand only , and behold
God's indignation on these godless pour'd
By Me ; not you , but Me , they have despis'd ,
Yet envied : against Me is all their rage ;
Because the Father , (t'Whom in heav'n supre-
me

Kingdom , and pow'r , and glory appertains ,)
Hath honor'd Me , according to His will.
Therefore to Me their doom He hath assign'd :
That they may have their wish , to try with Me
In battel which the stronger proves ; they all ,
Or I alone against them : since by strength
They measure all , of other excellence
Not emulous , nor care who them excels ;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe :

200 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance, too severe to be beheld!
And full of wrath bent on His enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings;
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of His fierce chariot rowl'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on His impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night: under His burning wheels
The Redfast empyrean shook throughout;
All but the throne it self of God. Full soon
Among them He arriv'd; in His right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which He sent
Before Him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues: they astonish'd, all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropp'd:
O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads He
rode

Of Thrones, and mighty Seraphim prostrate;
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from His ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the four-fold-visag'd Four,
Distinct with eyes; and from the living wheels;
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd light'ning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurst, that wither'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n,

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 201

Yet, half His strength He put not forth, but
check'd

His thunder in mid-volly ; for He meant
Not to destroy , but root them out of heav'n.
The overthrown He rais'd , and as a herd
Of goats , or tim'rous flock , together throng'd ,
Drove them before Him thunder-struck , pursu'd
With terrors , and with furies , to the bounds
And chrystal wall of heav'n ; which op'ning wide
Rowl'd inward , and a spacious gap disclos'd
Into the wasteful Deep : the monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward ; but , far worse
Urg'd them behind : headlong themselves they
threw

Down from the verge of heav'n ; eternal wrath
Burn'd after them , to the bottomless pit.
Hell heard th' unsufferable noise ; hell saw
Heav'n ruining from heav'n , and would have fled
Affrighted ; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations , and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell ; confounded *Chaos* roar'd ,
And felt ten-fold confusion in their fall ,
Through his wild anarchy ; so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin ! hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole , and on them clos'd :
Hell , their fit habitation , fraught with fire
Un-quenchable , the house of woe , and pain.
Dis-burden'd heav'n rejoic'd , and soon repair'd
Her mural breach , returning whence it rowl'd.
Sole victor , from th' expulsion of His foes ,

202 PARADISE LOST. Book VI.

Messiah His triumphal chariot turn'd :
 To meet Him all His Saints , who silent stood
 Eye-witnesses of His almighty acts ,
 With jubilee advanc'd ; and as they went,
 Shaded with branching palm , each Order bright
 Sung triumph , and Him sung Victorious King,
 Son, Heir , and Lord ! to Him dominion giv'n ,
 Worthiest to reign. He celebrated rode
 Triumphant through mid-heav'n , into the courts
 And temple , of His Mighty Father , thron'd
 On high : who into glory Him receiv'd
 Where now He sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus , measuring things in heav'n by things on
 earth ,

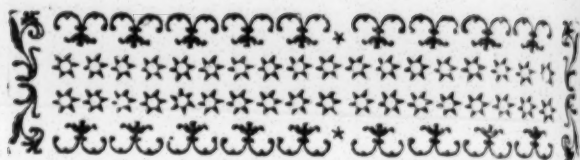
At thy request , and that thou may'st beware
 By what is past , to thee I have reveal'd
 What might have else to human race been hid ;
 The discord which beset , and war in heav'n
 Among th' Angelic Pow'rs , and the deep fall
 Of those too high aspiring , who rebell'd
 With *Satan* : he who envies now thy state ;
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce
 Thee also from obedience , that with him
 (Bereav'd of happiness) thou may'st partake
 His punishment , eternal misery :
 Which would be all his solace , and revenge ,
 As a despite done against the Most High ,
 Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
 But , listen not to his temptations : warn
 Thy weaker : let it profit thee to have heard ,

Book VI. PARADISE LOST. 203

By terrible exemple, the reward
Of disobedience : firm they might have stood,
Yet fell. Remember ! and fear to transgress !

The End of the sixth Book.





PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

The ARGUMENT.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how, and wherefore, this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan, and his Angels, out of heaven, declar'd His pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends His Son with glory, and attendance of Angels, to perform the work of Creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and His re-ascension into heaven.

Descend from heav'n, *Urania* ! (by that name
 If rightly thou art call'd) whose voice divine
 Following, above th' *Olympian* hill I soar,
 Above the flight of *Pegasean* wing.
 The meaning, not the name, I call, for thou
 Nor of the *Muses* nine, nor on the top
 Of old *Olympus* dwell'st ; but, heav'nly born,
 Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
 Thou with eternal *Wisdom* didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
 In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd ;
 With thy cœlestial song. Up-led by thee,
 Into the heav'n of heav'ns I have presum'd,
 (An earthly guest) and drawn empyreal air,
 Thy temp'ring. With like safety guided down,
 Return me to my native element :
 Lest from this flying steed unrein'd (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
 Dis-mounted, on th' *Aleian* field I fall,
 Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
 Half yet remains unsung ; but, narrower bound ;
 Within the visible diurnal sphere :
 Standing on earth, not rapt above the Pole,
 More safe I sing with mortal voice ; un-chang'd
 To hoarse, or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
 On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues ;
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
 And solitude ! Yet, not alone, while thou

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Visit'ſt my ſlumbers nightly ; or, when morn
 Purples the eaſt. Still govern thou my ſong,
Urania ! and fit audience find, though few.
 But, drive far off the barbarous diſſonance
 Of *Bacchus*, and his revellers ; the race
 Of that wild rout that tore the *Thracian* bard
 In *Rhodope*, where woods, and rocks, had ear
 To rapture, 'till the ſavage clamor drown'd
 Both harp, and voice ; nor could the Muſe defend
 Her ſon. So fail not thou, who thee implores :
 For, thou art heav'nly ; ſhe, an empty dream.

Say, Goddeſs, what enſu'd when *Raphael*,
 The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd
Adam, by dire example, to beware
 Apoſtaſy, by what beſel in heav'n
 To thoſe apoſtates ; leſt the like befall
 In *Paradiſe* to *Adam*, or his race,
 (Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree)
 If they tranſgreſs, and ſlight that ſole command ;
 So eaſily obey'd, amid the choice
 Of all taſtes elſe to pleaſe their appetite,
 Though wand'ring He, with his conſort

Eve,

The ſtory heard attentive, and was fill'd
 With admiration, and deep muſe, to hear
 Of things ſo high, and ſtrange ; things, to their
 thought,

So un-imaginable, as hate in heav'n,
 And war ſo near the peace of God in bliſs,
 With ſuch confuſion : but, the evil, ſoon

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 207

Driv'n back, redounded (as a flood) on those
 From whom it sprung; impossible to mix
 With blessedness. Whence *Adam* soon repeal'd
 The doubts that in his heart arose: and now
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
 (What nearer might concern him) how this world
 Of heav'n, and earth conspicuous, first began;
 When, and whereof created; for what cause;
 What within *Eden*, or without, was done
 Before his memory (as one whose drouth
 Yet scarce allay'd, still eyes the current stream;
 Whose liquid murmur heard, new thirst excites.)
 Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest.

Great things, and full of wonder in our ears;
 Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd;
 Divine interpreter! by favor sent
 Down from the empyrean, to fore-warn
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss
 Unknown; which human knowledge could not
 reach:

For which to th' Infinitely Good we owe
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
 Receive, with solemn purpose to observe
 Immutably His sovereign will, the end
 Of what we are. But, since thou hast vouchsaf'd
 Gently, for our instruction, to impart
 Things above earthly thought (which yet con-
 cern'd

Our knowing, as to Highest Wisdom seem'd)
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate

(What may no less, perhaps, avail us known)
 How first began this heav'n, which we behold
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
 Innumerable; and this which yields, or fills,
 All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd,
 Embracing round this florid earth: what cause
 Mov'd the Creator, in His holy rest
 Through all eternity, so late to build
 In Chaos; and the work begun, how soon
 Absolv'd: if un-forbid thou may'st unfold
 What we, not to explore the secrets ask
 Of His eternal empire, but the more
 To magnify His works, the more we know:
 And the great light of day yet wants to run
 Much of his race, though steep, suspense in heav'n
 Held by thy voice; thy potent voice he hears,
 And longer will delay, to hear thee tell
 His generation, and the rising birth
 Of nature from the un-apparent Deep:
 Or, if the star of ev'ning, and the moon
 Hasten to thy audience, night with her will bring
 Silence; and Sleep, list'ning to thee, will watch
 Or, we can bid his absence, 'till thy song
 End, and dismiss thee e'er the morning shine.

Thus *Adam* his illustrious guest besought;
 And thus the God-like Angel answer'd mild.

This also thy request, with caution ask'd,
 Obtain: though to recount almighty works,
 What words, or tongue of Seraph, can suffice
 Or, heart of man suffice to comprehend!

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 209

Yet, what thou canst attain, (which best may serve
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee also happier) shall not be withheld
Thy hearing: such commission from above
I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds: beyond, abstain
To ask; nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
Only Omniscient, hath suppress'd in night;
To none communicable in earth, or heav'n:
Enough is left besides to search, and know.

But, knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain:
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

Know then, that after *Lucifer* from heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of Angels, than that star the stars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the Deep,
Into his place, and the Great Son return'd
Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to His Son thus spake:

At least our envious foe hath fall'd, who thought
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deity supreme, Us dispossess,
He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud

Yea, drew many, whom their place knows here no more.

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Yet, far the greater part have kept, I see,
 Their station; heav'n, yet populous, retains
 Number sufficient to possess her realms,
 Though wide; and this high temple to frequent
 With ministeries due, and solemn rites.
 But, lest his heart exalt him, in the harm
 Already done, to have dispeopled heav'n,
 (My damage fondly deem'd!) I can repair
 That detriment, if such it be, to lose
 Self-lost; and in a moment will create
 Another world, out of one man, a race
 Of men in-numerable, there to dwell,
 Not here; 'till by degrees of merit rais'd;
 They open to themselves at length the way
 Up hither; under long obedience try'd:
 And earth be chang'd to heav'n, and heav'n to
 earth,

One kingdom, joy, and union without end.
 Mean-while inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of heav'n!
 And Thou My Word, begotten Son! by Thee
 This I perform; speak Thou, and be it done.
 My ower-shadowing Spirit, and Might, with Thee
 I send along: ride forth, and bid the Deep
 Within appointed bounds, be heav'n and earth
 Boundless the Deep, because I AM who fill
 Infinitude: nor vacuous the space;
 Though I, on-circumscrib'd My self, retire;
 And put not forth my goodness; which is free
 To act, or not: Necessity, and Chance,
 Approach not Me; and what I will is Fate.

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 211

So spake th' Almighty, and to what He spake
His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time, or motion; but, to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told;
So told, as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph, and rejoicing, was in heav'n;
When such was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will:
Glory they sung to the Most High! good will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace!
Glory to Him! Whose just avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from His sight,
And th' habitations of the just: to Him
Glory and praise! Whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create; instead
Of spirits malign, a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to worlds, and ages, infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies. Mean-while the Son
On His great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with Omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of Majesty Divine: sapience, and love
Immense, and all His Father in Him shon.
About His chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub, and Seraph, Potentates, and Thrones;
And Virtues: winged spirits, and chariots wing'd,
From th' armory of God; where stand of old
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage! and now came forth

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Spontaneous (for within them spirit liv'd)
 Attendant on their Lord : heav'n open'd wide
 Her ever-during gates , harmonious sound !
 On golden hinges moving , to let forth
 The King of Glory , in His pow'rful Word ,
 And Spirit , coming to create new Worlds.
 On heav'nly ground they stood , and from the shore
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyfs ,
 Outragious as a sea , dark , wasteful , wild ;
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds ,
 And surging waves , as mountains , to assault
 Heav'n's height , and with the centre mix the Pole.
 Silence , ye troubled waves , and thou Deep ,
 peace !

Said then th' Omnific Word , your Discord end

Nor staid ; but , on the wings of Cherubim
 Up-lift'd , in Paternal Glory rode
 Far into *Chaos* , and the world unborn ;
 For *Chaos* heard His voice . Him all His train
 Follow'd in bright procession , to behold
 Creation , and the wonders of His might .
 Then staid the fervid Wheels , and in His hand
 He took the golden compasses , prepar'd
 In God's eternal store , to circumscribe
 This universe , and all created things .
 One foot He center'd , and the other turn'd
 Round through the vast profundity obscure ;
 And said , Thus far extend , thus far thy bounds ,
 This be thy just circumference , O world !

Thus God the heav'n created , thus the earth ;

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 213

Matter un-form'd, and void ! Darkness profound
Cover'd th' abyfs ; but , on the wat'ry calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God out-spread ;
And vital virtue infus'd , and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mafs ; but , downward purg'd
The black , Tartareous , cold , infernal dregs ,
Adverse to life : then sounded , then conglob'd
Like things to like ; the rest to feveral place
Dis-parted ; and between , spun out the air :
And earth self-ballanc'd on her centre hung.

Let there be light ! faid God : and forthwith
light

æthereal , first of things , quinteffence pure ,
Sprung from the Deep : and from her native east ,
The journey through the aery gloom began ,
Shear'd in a radiant cloud ; (for yet the Sun
Was not) she in a cloudy tabernacle
Journ'd the while . God faw the light was good :
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided : light the day , and darkness night
He nam'd . Thus was the First Day ev'n and morn :
Nor paft un-celebrated , nor un-fung
By the cœleftial choires , when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld ;
Birth-day of heav'n and earth ! with joy , and shout,
The hollow univerfal orb they fill'd ;
And touch'd their golden harps , and hymning
prais'd
God , and His works ; Creator Him they fung ,
When First Ev'ning was , and when First Morn.

214 PARADISE LOST. Book VII.

Again, God said, Let there be firmament
 Amid the waters, and let it divide
 The waters from the waters ! And God made
 The firmament expanse of liquid, pure,
 Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd
 In circuit to the utermost convex
 Of this great Round : partition firm, and sure,
 The waters underneath from those above
 Dividing : for as earth, so He the world
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
 ChrySTALLIN ocean, and the loud mis rule
 Of *Chaos* far remov'd : lest fierce extremes
 Contiguous, might distemper the whole frame :
 And heav'n He nam'd the firmament : so ev'n
 And morning chorus sung the Second Day.

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
 Of waters (embryon immature) involv'd,
 Appear'd not : over all the face of earth
 Main ocean flow'd ; not idle, but with warm
 Prolific humor soft'ning all her globe,
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,
 Sate with genial moisture : when God said,
 Be gather'd now ye waters under heav'n
 Into one place, and let dry land appear !....
 Immediately the mountains huge appear
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-heave
 Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky.
 So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad, and deep ;
 Capacious bed of waters ! Thither they

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 215

Hasted with glad precipitance, up-rowl'd,
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry :
 Part rise in chrystal wall, or ridge direct,
 For haste ; such flight the great command impress'd
 On the swift floods : as armies at the call
 Of trumpet (for of our armies thou hast heard)
 Troop to their standard ; so the wat'ry throng,
 Wave rowling after wave, where way they found ;
 If steep, with torrent rapture ; if through plain,
 Soft-ebbing ; nor withstood them rock, or hill :
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
 With serpent-error wand'ring, found their way,
 And on the washy ooze deep channels wore ;
 Easy, e'er God had bid the ground be dry,
 All but within those banks, where rivers now
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
 The dry land, earth ; and the great receptacle
 Of congregated waters, He call'd seas ;
 And saw that it was good : and said, Let th' earth
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
 And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind ;
 Whose seed is in her self upon the earth !
 He scarce had said, when the bare earth ('till then
 Desert, and bare, un-sightly, un adorn'd)
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
 Her universal face with pleasant green :
 Then, herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd
 Op'ning their various colors, and made gay
 Her bosom, smelling sweet. And, these scarce
 blown,

216 PARADISE LOST. Book VII.

Forth - flourish'd thick the clustring vine, forth
crept

The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattel'd in her field; and th' humble shrub,
And bush, with frizl'd hair implicit. Last,
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit: or gemm'd
Their bossoms: with high woods the hills were
crown'd;

With tufts the vallies; and each fountain side,
With borders long the rivers: that, earth now
Seem'd like to heav'n; a seat where Gods might
dwell,

Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was: but, from the earth a dewy mist
Went up, and water'd all the ground; and each
Plant of the field; which, e'er it was in th' earth
God made, and ev'ry herb, before it grew
On the green stem: God saw that it was good.
So, ev'n, and morn, recorded the Third Day.

Again th' Almighty spake: Let there be lights
High in th' expanse of heaven, to divide
The day from night: and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years;
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heav'n,
To give light on the earth! . . . and it was so.
And God made two great lights; (great for their use

BOOK VII. PARADISE LOST. 217

To man) the greater to have rule by day,
 The less by night, alterne: and made the stars;
 And set them in the firmament of heav'n,
 To illuminate the earth, and rule the day,
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night;
 And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
 Surveying his great work, that it was good:
 For, of celestial bodies first, the sun
 (A mighty sphere!) He fram'd; un-lightform'd
 first,

Tho' of ethereal mold: then form'd the moon
 Globose; and ev'ry magnitude of stars;
 And sow'd with stars the heav'n, thick as a field.
 Of light by far the greater part he took,
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd
 In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
 And drink the liquid light; firm, to retain
 Her gather'd beams; great palace now of light:
 Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light:
 And hence the morning planet gilds her horns:
 By tincture, or reflection, they augment
 Their small peculiar, though (from human sight
 So far remote) with diminution seen.

First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
 Regent of day; and all th' horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude through heav'n's high road: the
 gray

Dawn, and the *Pleiades*, before him danc'd,

Tome I.

T

218 PARADISE LOST. Book VII.

Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon,
But opposite in lewell'd west was set,
His mirror, with soill face borrowing her light
From him; for other light she needed none
In that aspect: and still that distance keeps
Till night; then, in the east her turn she shines,
Revolv'd on heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars! that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere; then first adorn'd
With their bright luminaries, that set and rose.
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the Fourth
Day.

And God said, Let the waters generate
Reptil, with spawn abundant, living soul!
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Display'd on th' open firmament of heav'n!
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds:
And every bird, of wing after his kind;
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them,
saying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill!
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth:
Forthwith the fowls, and seas, each creek, and
bay,
With fry in-numerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish, that with their fins, and shining scales,

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 219.

Glide under the green wave in sculls, that oft
Bank the mid sea: part single, or with mate,
Graze the sea-weed their pasture; and thro' groves
Of coral stray; or, sporting with quick glance,
Shew to the sun their wav'd coats, drop'd with
gold:

Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment; or under rocks their food,
In jointed armor, watch: on smooth, the seal,
And bended dolphins play: part, huge of bulk,
Wallowing unweildy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean: there Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the Deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps, or swims;
And seems a moving land; and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.
Mean-while the tepid caves, and fens, and shoats,
Their brood as numerous hatch from th'egg, that
soon

Bursting with kindly rupture, forth-disclos'd
Their callow young; but feather'd soon and fledg'd,
They summ'd their pens; and soaring th' air subli-
me,

With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
In prospect: there, the eagle, and the stork,
On cliffs, and cedar tops, their eyries build;
Part, loosely wing the region; part, more wise
In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way;
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their acry caravan, high over seas

220 PARADISE LOST. Book VII.

Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight; (so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage) born on winds, the air
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with un-number'd plu-
mes.

From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
'Till ev'n; nor then, the solemn nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays.
Others, on silver lakes, and rivers, bath'd
Their downy breast; the swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet: yet oft they quit
The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tour
The mid aerial sky. Others, on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clari-
founds

The silent hours; and th' other, whose gay train
Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue
Of rain-bows, and starry eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
Ev'ning and morn solemniz'd the Fifth Day.

The Sixth, and of creation last, arose
With ev'ning harps, and matin; when God said,
Let th' earth bring forth fowl living in her kind,
Cattel, and creeping things, and beast of th' earth
Each in their kind! The earth obey'd; and
strait

Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms;

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 227

Limb'd and full grown. Out of the ground up-rose,
 As from his laire, the wild beast, where he wons
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake or den:
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd;
 The cattel in the fields, and meadows green:
 Those rare, and solitary; these in flocks
 Pasturing at once, and in broad herds up-sprung:
 The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder parts; then springs as broke from bonds,
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane: the ounce,
 The libbard, and the tiger, (as the mole
 Rising) the crumbled earth above them threw
 In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
 Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould
 Behemoth (biggest born of earth) up-heav'd
 His vastness: fleec'd the flocks, and bleating,
 rose,

As plants: ambiguous between sea and land,
 The river-horse, and scaly crocodile.
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
 Insect, or worm: those wav'd their limber fans,
 For wings; and smallest lineaments exact
 In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,
 With spots of gold, and purple, azure, and green:
 These, as a line, their long dimension drew,
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace: not all
 Minims of nature; some of serpent-kind,
 Wondrous in length, and corpulence, involv'd
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept

222 PARADISE LOST. Book VII.

The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future; in small room large heart inclos'd:
(Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes
Of commonalty.) Swarming next, appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stor'd. The rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them
names,

Needless to thee repeated: nor unknown
The serpent (subtlest beast of all the field)
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now heav'n in all her glory shon, and roul'd
Her motions, as the great First-Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course: earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, and
walk'd

Frequent; and of the Sixth Day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature, who not prone,
And brute as other creatures, but indu'd
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence
Magnanimous, to correspond with heav'n:
But, grateful to acknowledge whence his good

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 223

Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes,
Directed in devotion, to adore

And worship God Supreme, Who made him chief
Of all His works: therefore th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not He
Present?) thus to His Son audibly spake

Let Us make now Man in Our image, Man
In Our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish, and fowl, of sea, and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And ev'ry creeping thing that creeps the ground:

This said, He form'd thee, *Adam*, thee O Man!
Fest of the ground; and in thy nostrils breath'd

The breath of life: in His own image He
Created thee; in the image of God

Express; and thou becam'st a living soul.

Male He created thee; but thy consort

Female, for race: then bless'd mankind, and said,

Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth;

Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold

Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,

And ev'ry living thing that moves on th' earth,

Where-ever thus created; for no place.

Is yet distinct by name. Thence (as thou know'st)

He brought thee into this delicious grove,

This garden; planted with the trees of God;

Delightful, both to behold, and taste!

And freely all their pleasant fruit for food

Gave thee (all sorts are here that all th' earth
yields,

214 PARADISE LOST. Book VII.

Variety without end !) But , of the tree ,
 Which tasted works knowledge of good , and evil ,
 Thou may'st not : in the day thou eat'st , thou dy'st :
 Death is the penalty impos'd : beware !
 And govern well thy appetite , lest Sin
 Surprise thee , and her blak attendant Death.
 Here finish'd He , and all that He had made
 View'd , and behol ! all was entirely good ;
 So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the Sixth Day.
 Yet not , 'till the Creator from his work
 Desisting , though un-wearied , up return'd ;
 Up to the heav'n of heav'ns , His high abode :
 Thence to behold this new-created world ,
 Th' addition of His empire , how it shew'd
 In prospect from his throne , how good , how fair ,
 Answering His great idea ! Up He rode ,
 Follow'd with acclamation , and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies ! the earth , the air
 Resounded , (thou remember'st , for thou heard'st)
 The heav'ns , and all the constellations , rung :
 The planets in their station list'ning stood ,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open , ye everlasting gates ! they sung ,
 Open , ye heav'ns ! your living doors ; let in
 The Great Creator , from His work return'd
 Magnificent , His six days work , a world :
 Open , and henceforth oft ; for God will deign
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men ,
 Delighted ; and with frequent intercourse ;

Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 225

Thither will send His winged messengers,
 On errands of supernal grace. So sung
 The glorious train ascending. He through heav'n,
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
 To God's eternal house direct the way:
 A broad, and ample road, whose dust is gold,
 And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear
 Seen in the galaxy: (that milky way
 Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest
 Poulder'd with stars.) And now on earth the Seventh
 Ev'ning arose in *Eden*; for the sun
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
 Fore-running night: when, at the holy mount
 Of heav'n's high-seated top, th' imperial throne
 Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm, and sure,
 The Filial Pow'r arriv'd, and sat Him down
 With His Great Father: for, He also went
 Invisible, yet staid (such privilege
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd,
 Author, and end, of all things; and from work
 Not resting, blest'd, and hallow'd the Sev'nth Day;
 As resting on that day from all His work:
 But not in silence holy kept; the harp
 Had work, and rested not; the solemn pipe,
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on fret by string, or golden wire,
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
 Choral, or unison: of incense clouds,
 Rising from golden censers, hid the mount:
 And the Six Days acts, they sung.

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Great are Thy works, *Jehovah* ! infinite
Thy pow'r : what thought can measure Thee, or
tongue

Relate Thee ! Greater now in Thy return
Than from the giant-angels : Thee that day
Thy thunders magnify'd ; but, to create
Is greater, than created to destroy.
Who can impair Thee, Mighty King ! or bound
Thy empire ? Easily the proud attempt
Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain,
Thou hast repell'd ; while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from Thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen Thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more Thy might : his evil
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
Witness this new-made world, another heav'n !
From heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea ;
Of amplitude almost immense ; with stars
Numerous, and ev'ry star perhaps a world
Of destin'd habitation ; but, Thou know'st
Their seasons : among these the seat of men,
Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc'd
Created in His image, there to dwell,
And worship Him ; and in reward to rule
Over His works, on earth, in sea, or air ;
And multiply a race of worshippers ;

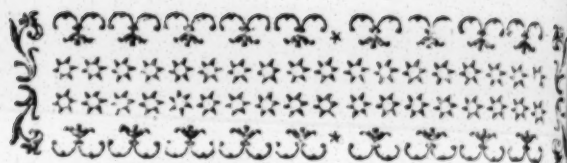
Book VII. PARADISE LOST. 227

Holy, and just : thrice happy, if they know
That happiness, and persevere upright !

So long they ; and the empyrean rung
With Halleluiahs : thus was Sabbath kept
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this world, and face of things, began,
And what, before thy memory, was done
From the beginning ; that posterity,
Inform'd by thee, might know. If else thou seek'st
Ought, not surpassing human measure, say.

The End of the seventh Book.





PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

[The ARGUMENT.

Adam, inquires concerning cœlestial motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge. Adam assents: and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own creation; his placing in Paradise; his talk with God concerning solitude, and fit society; his first meeting and nuptials with Eve; his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

THE Angel ended, and in *Adam's* ear
 So charming left his voice, that he a-while
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear:
 Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd.

What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
 Equal, have I to render thee, divine
 Historian! who thus largely hast allay'd
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd
 This friendly condescension to relate
 Things, else by me un-searchable; now heard
 With wonder, but delight; and, as is due,
 With glory attributed to the High
 Creator. Something yet of doubt remains,
 Which only thy solution can resolve.

When I behold this goodly frame, this world,
 Of heav'n, and earth consisting; and compute
 Their magnitudes; this earth a spot, a grain,
 An atom, with the firmament compar'd,
 And all her number'd stars; that seem to rowl
 Spaces incomprehensible, (for such
 Their distance argues, and their swift return
 Diurnal) meerly to officiate light
 Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,
 One day, and night; in all their vast survey
 Useless besides: reasoning I oft admire,
 How nature, wise, and frugal, could commit
 Such disproportions; with superfluous hand,
 To many nobler bodies to create,

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Greater so manifold, to this one use ;
 (For ought appears) and on their orbs impose
 Such restless revolution, day by day
 Repeated : while the sedentary earth,
 (That better might with far less compass move)
 Serv'd by more noble than her self, attains
 Her end without least motion ; and receives
 (As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed) her warmth, and light ;
 Speed ! to describe whose swiftness number fails.

So spake our fire, and by his count'nance seem'd
 Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse : which Eve
 Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight ;
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,
 And grace, that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose ; and went forth among her fruits, and
 flow'rs,

To visit how they prosper'd, bud, and bloom.
 Her nursery : they at her coming sprung,
 And touch'd by her fair tendance gladder grew.
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her ear
 Of what was high : such pleasure she reserv'd,
 Adam relating, she sole auditress :
 Her husband the relater she prefer'd
 Before the Angel ; and of him to ask
 Chose rather : he, she knew, would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
 With conjugal caresses : from his lip
 Nor words alone pleas'd her. (O ! when meet now

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 231

Such pairs, in love, and mutual honor join'd;
With Goddess-like demeanor forth she went;
Not un-attended! for, on her, as Queen,
A pomp of winning Graces waited still;
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.
And *Raphael* now, to *Adam's* doubt propos'd,
Benevolent, and facil, thus reply'd.

To ask, or search, I blame thee not; for heav'n
Is as the book of God before thee set;
Wherein to read His wond'rous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years.
This to attain, whether heav'n move, or earth,
Imports not, if thou reckon right: the rest,
From man, or Angel, the Great Architect
Did wisely to conceal; and not divulge
His secrets to be scan'd by them, who ought
Rather admire. Or, if they list to try
Conjecture, He His fabric of the heav'n's
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter; when they come to model heav'n,
And calculate the stars, how they will wield
The mighty frame; how build, un-build, contrive,
To save appearances; how gird the sphere
With centric, and eccentric, scribl'd o'er,
Cycle, and epicycle, orb in orb.
Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
Thou art to lead thy off-spring; and supposest,
That bodies bright, and greater, should not serve

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The less not bright, nor heav'n such journeys run,
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
 The benefit. Consider first, that Great,
 Or Bright, infers not excellence: the earth
 (Though, in comparison of heav'n, so small,
 Nor glistening,) may of solid good contain
 More plenty than the sun, that barren shines;
 Whose virtue on it-self works no effect,
 But in the fruitful earth: there first receiv'd.
 His beams (unactive else) their vigor find.
 Yet, not to earth are those bright luminaries
 Officious; but to Thee, earth's habitant.
 And for the heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak
 The Maker's high magnificence; who built
 So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far;
 That man may know he dwells not in his own;
 An edifice too large for him to fill,
 Lodg'd in a small partition; and the rest
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
 The swiftness of those circles attribute,
 (Though numberless) to His Omnipotence;
 That to corporeal substances could add
 Speed almost spiritual. Me thou think'st not slow
 Who since the morning-hour set out from heav'n
 Where God resides; and e'er mid-day arriv'd
 In Eden: distance inexpressible
 By numbers that have name! But, this I urge,
 Admitting motion in the heav'n's; to shew
 Invalid, that which thee to doubt it mov'd:
 Not that I so affirm, though so it seem

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 233

To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.
 God, to remove His ways from human sense,
 Plac'd heav'n from earth so far, that earthly sight,
 If it presume, might err in things too high,
 And no advantage gain. What if the sun
 Be centre to the world; and other stars
 (By his attractive virtue, and their own,
 Incited) dance about him various rounds?
 Their wand'ring course now high, now low, then
 In'd,

Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
 In fix thou seest: and what if sev'nth to these
 The planet Earth (so stedfast though she seem)
 Insensibly three different motions move?
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe;
 Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities;
 Or save the sun his labor, and that swift
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
 Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
 Of day, and night: which needs not thy belief;
 If earth, industrious of her self, fetch day
 Travelling east; and with her part averse
 From the sun's beam, meet night; her other part
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light
 (Sent from her through the wide transpicious air)
 Tho the terrestrial moon be as a star,
 Enlightning her by day, as she by night
 This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
 Fields, and inhabitants. Her spots thou seest
 As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce

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Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat
 Allotted there : and other suns perhaps,
 With their attendant moons, thou wilt deſcry,
 Communicating male, and female, light :
 Which two great ſexes animate the world ;
 Stor'd in each orb, perhaps, with ſome that live,
 For, ſuch vaſt room in nature un-poſſeſs'd.
 By living ſoul, deſert ; and deſolate,
 Only to ſhine, yet ſcarce to contribute
 Each orb a glimſe of light, convey'd ſo far
 Down to this habitable, which returns
 Light back to them, is obvious to diſpute.
 But, whether thus theſe things, or whether not ;
 Whether the ſun, predominant in heav'n,
 Riſe on the earth ; or earth riſe on the ſun :
 He, from the eaſt his flaming rode begin ;
 Or ſhe, from weſt her ſilent courſe advance,
 With inoffenſive pace (that ſpinning ſleeps
 On her ſoft axle, while ſhe paces ev'n,
 And bears thee ſoft with the ſmooth air along)
 Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid ;
 Leave them to God above ; Him ſerve, and fear.
 Of other creatures, as him pleaſes beſt,
 Where-ever plac'd, let Him diſpoſe : joy thou
 In what He gives to thee, this Paradife,
 And thy fair Eve : heav'n is for thee too high
 To know what paſſes there ; be lowly wiſe :
 Think only what concerns thee, and thy Being ;
 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
 Live, in what ſtate, condition, or degree ;

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 235

Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,
Not of earth only, but of highest heav'n.

To whom thus *Adam*, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.
How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure
Intelligence of heav'n, Angel ! serene !
And, freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way ; nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life ; from which
God hath bid dwell far-off all anxious cares,
And not molest us ; unless we our selves
Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions
vain.

But, say the mind, or fancy, is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end :
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,
That, not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure, and subtle ; but, to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom : what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence ;
And renders us, in things that most concern,
Un-practis'd, un-prepar'd, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight ; and speak of things at hand
Useful ; whence haply mention may arise.
Of something not unseasonable to ask,
By suff'rance, and thy wonted favor deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
For my remembrance : now, hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard :

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And day is yet not spent : 'till then thou seest
 How subtly to detain thee I devise ;
 Inviting thee to hear , while I relate :
 Fond ! were it not in hope of thy reply.
 For , while I sit with thee , I seem in heav'n :
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
 Than fruits of palm-tree (pleasantest to thirst ,
 And hunger both , from labor) at the hour
 Of sweet repast : they satiate , and soon fill ,
 Tho' pleasant ; but thy words , with grace divine
 Embu'd , bring to their sweetness no satiety .

To whom thus *Raphael* answer'd heav'nly meek
 Nor are thy lips ungraceful , fire of men !
 Nor tongue in-eloquent : for God on thee
 Abundantly His gifts hath also pour'd ;
 Inward , and outward both , His image fair.
 Speaking , or mute , all comeliness , and grace
 Attends thee ; and , each word , each motion , forms
 Nor less think we in heav'n of thee on earth ,
 Than of our fel low-servant ; and inquire
 Gladly into the ways of God with man :
 For , God we see hath honor'd thee , and set
 On man His equal love . Say therefore on ;
 For , I that day was absent , as beset ,
 Bound on a voyage uncouth , and obscure ,
 Far on excursion toward the gates of hell ,
 Squar'd in full legion , (such command we had)
 To see that none thence issu'd forth a spy ,
 Or enemy , while God was in His work ;
 Lest He (incens'd at such eruption bold)

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 237.

Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
 Not that they durst without His leave attempt ;
 But, us He sends upon His high behests
 For state , as Sov'reign King ; and to inure
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found , fast shut
 The dismal gates , and barricado'd strong !
 But , long e'er our approaching , heard within
 Noise , other than the sound of dance , or song !
 Torment , and loud lament , and furious rage.
 Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light
 E'er sabbath-ev'ning : so we had in charge.
 But , thy relation now ! for I attend ,
 Pleas'd with thy words , no less than thou with
 mine.

So spake the God-like Pow'r , and thus our sire
 For man to tell how human life began
 Is hard ; for , who himself beginning knew ?
 Desire with thee still longer to converse
 Induc'd me As new wak'd from soundest
 sleep ,

Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid ,
 In balmy sweat ; which with his beams the sun
 Soon dry'd , and on the reaking moisture fed.
 Strait toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd ,
 And gaz'd a-while the ample sky : 'till rais'd
 By quick instinctive motion , up I sprung ,
 As thitherward endeavouring ; and upright
 Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
 Hill , dale , and shady woods , and sunny plains ,
 And liquid lapse of murr'ring streams ; by these a

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Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd; or
flew;

Birds on the branches warbling: all things smil'd
With fragrance; and with joy my heart o'er-
flow'd.

My self I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigor led.

But, who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not: to speak I try'd, and forthwith spak
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light!

And thou in-lighten'd earth, so fresh, and gay:
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains!

And ye that live, and move, fair creatures! tell,
Tell (if ye saw) how came I thus, how here....
Not of my self.... By some Great Maker then,

In goodness, and in pow'r, præ-eminent.
Tell me, how may I know Him, how adore,
From Whom I have that thus I move, and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.

While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whi-
ther,

From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light; when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flow'rs,
Pensive I sat me down. There gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
My drousd sense, untroubl'd, (though I thought)
I then was passing to my former state

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 239

Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve)
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My fancy, to believe I yet had Being,
 And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape divine,
 And said, « Thy mansion wants thee, *Adam*, rise
 First man, of men in-numerable ordain'd
 First father ! call'd by thee, I come thy guide
 To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd. »
 Saying, by the hand he took me rais'd ;
 And over fields, and waters, as in air,
 Smooth-sliding without step, last led me up
 A woody mountain ; whose high top was plain :
 A circuit wide-inclos'd, with goodliest trees
 Planted, with walks, and bow'rs ; that what I saw
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
 Laden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye
 Tempting, stir'd in me sudden appetite
 To pluck, and eat ; whereat I wak'd, and found
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
 Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun
 My wand'ring, had not He, who was my guide,
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
 Presence Divine ! Rejoicing, but with awe,
 In adoration at His feet I fell
 I submit : He rear'd me, and, « Whom thou soug-
 ht'st I am
 And mildly, « Author of all this thou seest
 Above, or round about thee, or beneath,
 This Paradise I give thee ; count it thine

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" To till, and keep, and of the fruit to eat;
 " Of every tree that in the garden grows
 " Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth;
 " But, of the Tree whose operation brings
 " Knowledge of Good and Ill, which I have set
 " The pledge of thy obedience, and thy faith,
 " Amid the garden by the Tree of Life,
 " (Remember what I warn thee!) shun to taste;
 " And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
 " The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
 " Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt dye;
 " From that day mortal: and this happy state
 " Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
 " Of woe, and sorrow. ».... Sternly he pronounc'd
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
 Not to incur: but, soon His clear aspect
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
 " Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
 " To thee, and to thy race, I give: as lords
 " Possess it, and all things that therein live,
 " Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl:
 " In sign whereof, each bird, and beast, behold
 " After their kinds: I bring them to receive
 " From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
 " With low subjection: understand the same
 " Of fish within their wat'ry residence;
 " Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
 " Their element, to draw the thinner air."
 As thus He spake, each bird, and beast, behold.

Approaching

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 241

Approaching two and two; these, cowering low
With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
Their nature (with such knowledge God indu'd
My sudden apprehension!) But, in these
I found not what me-thought I wanted still;
And to the heav'nly Vision thus presum'd.

O, by what name (for Thou above all these,
Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
Surpashest far my naming!) how may I
Adore Thee, Autor of this universe,
And all this good to man? For whose well-being
So amply, and with hands so liberal,
Thou hast provided all things. But with me
I see not who partakes: in solitude
What happiness, who can enjoy alone?
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?

Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.

What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air,
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
To come, and play before thee? know'st thou not
Their language, and their ways? They also know,
And reason not contemptibly: with these
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.

So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd
To ord'ring: I, with leave of speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend Thee, heav'nly Pow'r!

Tom. I.

X

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My Maker, be propitious while I speak:
 Hast Thou not made me here Thy substitute,
 And these inferior far beneath me set?
 Among unequals what society
 Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due
 Giv'n, and receiv'd: but, in disparity
 (The one intense, the other still remiss)
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak
 (Such as I seek,) fit to participate
 All rational delight; wherein the brute
 Cannot be human consort: they rejoice
 Each with their kind, lion with lioness;
 So fitly them in pairs Thou hast combin'd:
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape:
 Worse, then, can man with beast, and least of all.
 Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.
 A nice, and subtile happiness, I see
 Thou to thy self propos'st, in the choice
 Of thy associates, *Adam!* and wilt taste
 No pleasure (though in pleasure) solitary.
 What think'st thou then of Me, and this My state?
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
 Of happiness, or not, who am alone
 From all eternity? for none I know
 Second to Me, or like; equal much less.
 How have I then with whom to hold converse,
 Save with the creatures which I made, and those

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 243

O Me inferior , infinite descents

neath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd ; I lowly answer'd. To attain

the height , and depth of Thy eternal ways ;

All human thoughts come short , Supreme of
things !

Thou in Thy self art perfect , and in Thee

no deficiency found. Not so is Man ,

but in degree ; the cause of his desire

By conversation with his like to help ;

Or solace his defects. No need that Thou

Shouldst propagate , already Infinite ;

And through all numbers absolute , though One.

But , man by number is to manifest

His single imperfection ; and beget

Like of his like , his image multiply'd :

In unity defective ; which requires

Collateral love , and dearest amity.

Thou in Thy secrecy although alone ;

Best with Thy self accompany'd , seek'st not

Social communication : yet , so pleas'd ,

Canst raise Thy creature , to what height , Thou wilt

Of union , or communion , Deify'd :

I by conversing cannot these erect

From prone ; nor in their ways complacence find.

Thus I imbolden'd spake , and freedom us'd

Permissive , and acceptance found ; which gain'd

This answer from the gracious Voice Divine.

Thus far to try thee , *Adam* ! I was pleas'd ;

And find thee knowing , not of beasts alone ,

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(Which thou hast rightly nam'd) but, of thy
self :

Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute :
Whose fellowship therefore un-meet for thee,
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike ;
And be so minded still. I, e'er thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for man to be alone :
And no such company as then thou saw'st
Intended thee : for tryal only brought,
To see how thou couldst judge of fit, and meet.
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd.
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish, exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more ; for now
My earthly by His heav'nly over-power'd
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to th'
height

In that celestial colloquy sublime,
(As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazled, and spent) sunk down ; and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes He clos'd, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight ; by which
(Abstract as in a transe) methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before Whom awake I stood :
Who stooping open'd my left side, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 245

And life-blood streaming fresh : wide was the wound !

But, suddenly with flesh fill'd up, and heal'd.
The rib He form'd, and fashion'd with His hands :
Under His forming hands a creature grew
Man-like, but different sex : so lovely fair !
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd
now

Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks ; which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, un-felt before :
And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of love, and amorous delight.
She dis-appear'd, and left me dark ! I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure.
When out of hope, behold her ! not far off ;
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all earth or heaven could bestow ;
To make her amiable : on she came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker (though un-seen)
And guided by His voice ; nor un-inform'd
Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites :
Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity, and love !
Joy'd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends ! Thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous, and benign !
Giver of all things fair ! but fairest this
Of all thy gifts ! nor enviest. I now see

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Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my self
Before me : woman is her name ; of man
Extracted : for this cause he shall forego
Father , and mother , and t' his wife adhere ;
And they shall be one flesh , one heart , one soul.

She heard me thus ; and tho' divinely brought,
Yet innocence , and virgin modesty ,
Her virtue , and the conscience of her worth ,
That would be woo'd , and not un-sought be won ;
Not obvious , not obtrusive , but retir'd ,
The more desirable , or , to say all ,
Nature her self (though pure of sinful thought)
Wrought in her so , that seeing me , she turn'd ,
I follow'd her ; she what was honor knew ,
And , with obsequious majesty , approv'd
My pleaded reason To the nuptial bow'r
I led her , blushing like the morn : all heav'n ,
'And happy constellations , on that hour
Shed their selectest influence : the earth
Gave sign of gratulation , and each hill :
Joyous the birds ; fresh gales , and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods , and from their wings
Flung rose , flung odors from the spicy shrub
Disporting ; 'till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal , and bid haste the ev'ning star ,
On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp.

Thus I have told thee all my state , and brought
My story to the sum of earthly blifs ,
Which I enjoy : and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed ; but , such

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 247

As, us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire; these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and
flow'rs,

Walks, and the melody of birds: but, here
Far otherwise! transported I behold,
Transported touch: here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else
Superior, and un-mov'd: here only weak,
Against the charm of beauty's pow'ful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain:
Or from my side subduſting, took perhaps
More than enough: at least, on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament; in outward shew,
Elaborate; of inward, less exact.

For, well I understand in the prime end
Of nature, her th' inferior; in the mind;
And inward faculties; which most excel:
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both; and less expressing
The character of that dominion giv'n
O'er other creatures. Yet, when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own; that what she wills to do, or say,
Seems wisest, virtuosest, discreetest, best:
All higher knowledge in her presence falls,
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discount'nanc'd, and like folly shews:

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Authority, and reason, on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally : and (to consummate all)
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

To whom the Angel with contracted brow,

Accuse not nature, she hath done her part;

Do thou but thine : and not diffident
Of wisdom : she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh;
By attributing over-much to things
Less excellent, as thou thy self perceiv'st.
For, what admir'st thou, what transports thee so?
An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honoring, and thy love;
Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thy self;
Then value : oft-times nothing profits more
Then self-esteem ; grounded on just, and right;
Well manag'd : of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shews :
Made so adorn for thy delight the more ;
So awful, that with honor thou may'st love
Thy mate ; who sees, when thou art seen least wise,
But if the sense of Touch, whereby mankind
Is propagated, seem such dear delight
Beyond all other ; think the same vouchsaf'd
To cattel, and each beast ; which would not be
To them made common, and divulg'd, if ought

Book VIII. PARADISE LOST. 249

Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The soul of man, or passion in him move.
What higher in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still:
In loving thou dost well, in passion not;
Wherein true love consists not. Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat
In reason, and is judicious; is the scale
By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend;
Not sunk in carnal pleasure: for which cause,
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus, half abash'd, *Adam* reply'd.
Neither her out-side form'd so fair, nor ought
In procreation common to all kinds,
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words, and actions, mix'd with love,
And sweet compliance, which declare un-feign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair!
More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.
Yet these subject not: I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd:
Who meet with various objects from the sense
Variously representing; yet, still free
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love, thou blam'st me not; for low, thou sayst,
Leads up to Heav'n; is both the way, and guide;

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Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask:
Love not the heav'nly spirits? And how their love
Express they? by looks only? Or, do they mix
Irradiance? Virtual, or immediate, touch?

To whom the Angel, (with a smile that glow'd
Cœlestial rosy-red, love's proper hue)
Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happy, and without love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st,
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence: and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars;
Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
Total they mix; union of pure with pure
Desiring: nor restrain'd conveyance need,
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
But, I can now no more: the parting sun
Beyond the earth's green Cape, and verdant isles
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy, and love! But, first of all
Him, Whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command: take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will
Would not admit: thine, and of all thy sons,
The weal, or woe, in thee is plac'd; beware!
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the Blest. Stand fast! to stand, or fall,
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies:
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel.

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So saying, he arose : whom *Adam* thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part !
Go heav'nly guest, ethereal messenger,
Sent from Whose sov'reign goodness I adore !
Gentle to me, and affable, hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honor'd ever
With grateful memory : thou to mankind
Be good, and friendly still, and oft return !
So parted they ; the Angel up to heav'n
From the thick shade, and *Adam* to his bow'r.

The end of the eighth Book.





PARADISE LOST

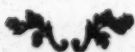
BOOK IX.

The ARGUMENT.

Satan having compass'd the earth, with meditated guile returns, as a mist, by night into Paradise, and enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labors, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each laboring apart: Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, should attempt her found alone. Eve (loth to be thought not circumspect, or firm enough) urges her going apart, and rather desirous to make trial of her strength. Adam at last yields: the serpent follows.

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alone; his subtile approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other Creatures. Eve wond'ring to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to human speech, and such understanding, not till now; the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attain'd both to speech and reason, 'till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden: the serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles, and arguments, induces her at length to eat: she, pleas'd with the taste, deliberates awhile whether to impart thereof to Adam, or not: at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam, at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves (through vehemence of love) to perish with her; and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both: they seek to cover their nakedness: then fall to variance, ad accusation of one another.



NO more of talk where God, or Angel-guest;
 With man, as with his freind, familiar us'd
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake
 Rural repast; permitting him the while
 Venial discourse un-blam'd. I now must change
 Those notes to tragic! Foul distrust, and breach
 Disloyal on the part of man; revolt,
 And disobedience: on the part of heav'n
 (Now alienated!) distance, and distaste,
 Anger, and just rebuke, and judgment giv'n.
 That brought into this world a world of woe;
 Sin, and her shadow Death, and Misery
 Death's harbinger. Sad task! yet argument
 Not less, but more heroic than the wrath
 Of stern *Achilles* on his foe, pursu'd
 Thrice fugitive about *Troy* wall: or rage
 Of *Turnus*, for *Lavinia* dis-espous'd:
 Or *Neptune's* ire, or *Juno's*, that so long
 Perplex'd the *Greek*, and *Cytherea's* son:
 If answerable style I can obtain
 Of my cœlestial patroness, who deigns
 Her nightly visitation un-implor'd,
 And dictates to me slumb'ring; or inspires
 Easy my un-premeditated verse:
 Since first this subject for Heroic Song
 Pleas'd me, long chusing, and beginning late;
 Not sedulous by nature to indite
 Wars, hitherto the only argument

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 255

Heroic deem'd ; chief maſt'ry to diſſect
 With long , and tedious havoc fabled knights
 In battels feign'd : (the better fortitude
 Of patience , and Heroic Martyrdom ,
 Un-ſung) or , to deſcribe races , and games ;
 Or tilting furniture , emblazon'd ſhields ,
 Impreſſes quaint , capariſons , and ſteeds ;
 Haſes , and tinfel trappings , gorgious knights
 At jouſt , and tornament ; then , marſhall'd feaſt ,
 Serv'd up in hall with ſewers , and ſeneſhals :
 The ſkill of artifice , or office , mean !
 Not that which juſtly gives Heroic name
 To perſon , or to poem. Me (of theſe
 Nor ſkill'd , nor ſtudious) higher argument
 Remains ; ſufficient of itſelf to raiſe
 That name , unleſs an age too late , or cold
 Climate , or years , damp my intended wing
 Depreſs'd : and much they may , if all be mine ;
 Not her's , who brings it nightly to my ear.
 The ſun was ſunk , and after him the ſtar
 Of Hesperus , whoſe office is to bring
 Twilight upon the earth (ſhort arbiter
 Betwixt day , and night ,) and now , from end to
 end ,
 Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round :
 When Satan , who late fled before the threats
 Of Gabriel out of Eden , now improv'd
 Meditated fraud , and malice , bent
 On man's deſtruction , maugre what might hap
 Heavier on himſelf , fearless return'd.

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By night he fled, and at mid-night return'd
From compassing the earth; cautious of day,
Since *Uriel*, regent of the sun, descry'd
His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim,
That keep their watch: thence full of anguish
driv'n,

The space of sev'n continu'd nights he rode
With darkness; thrice the equinoctial line
He circled; four times cross'd the car of night
From pole to pole, traversing each colure:
On th' eighth return'd; and, on the coast averse
From entrance, or Cherubic watch, by stealth
Found un-suspected way. There was a place,
Now not, (tho' sin, not time, first wrought the
change)

Where *Tigris*, at the foot of Paradise,
Into a gulph shot under-ground, 'till part
Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life.
In with the river sunk, and with it rose
Satan, involv'd in rising mist; then sought
Where to lie hid: sea he had search'd, and land,
From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the pool
Maotis, up beyond the river *Ob*:
Downward as far antartic; and in length,
West from *Orontes*, to the ocean barr'd
At *Darien*: thence, to the land where flows
Ganges, and *Indus*. Thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow search; and with inspection deep
Consider'd every creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his wiles; and found

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 257

The serpent subt'lest beast of all the field.
Him after long debate (irresolute
Of thoughts revolv'd) his final sentence chose
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight : for, in the wily snake
Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit, and native subtilty
Proceeding ; which in other beasts observ'd
Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r,
Active within, beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd.

O earth, how like to heav'n ! if not prefer'd
Most justly, seat worthier of gods, as built
With second thoughts, reforming what was old !
For, what God after better, worse would build ?
Terrestrial heav'n ! danc'd round by other heav'ns
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,
In thee concentrating all their precious beams
Of sacred influence ! as God in heav'n
Is centre, yet extends to all ; so thou
Centring, receiv'st from all those orbs : in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life,
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man !
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in ought : sweet interchange

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Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains !
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,
 Rocks, dens, and caves ! But, I in none of these
 Find place, or refuge : and the more I see
 Pleasures about me so much more I feel
 Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
 Of contraries : all good to me becomes
 Bane ; and in heav'n much worse would be my state.
 But neither here seek I, no nor in heav'n
 To dwell, unless by mast'ring heav'n's Supreme :
 Nor hope to be my self less miserable
 By what I seek, but others to make such
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound.
 For only in destroying I find ease
 To my relentless thoughts : and him destroy'd,
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,
 For whom all this was made ; all this will soon
 Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe :
 In woe then ! thar destruction wide may range.
 To me shall be the glory sole among
 Th' infernal Pow'rs, in one day to have marr'd
 What He *Almighty* styl'd, six nights, and days,
 Continu'd making : and, who knows how long
 Before had been contriving ? though perhaps
 Not longer than since I, in one night, freed
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half
 Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
 Of his adorers. He, to be aveng'd,
 And to repair His numbers thus impair'd ;
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 259

More Angels to create, (if they at least
 Are His created) or, to spite us more,
 Determin'd to advance into our room
 A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
 (Exalted from so base original !)
 With heav'nly spoils ; our spoils. What He de-
 creed,
 He effected ; Man he made, and for him built
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
 Him lord pronounc'd ; and, O indignity !
 Subjected to his service angel-wings,
 And flaming ministers, to watch, and tend
 Their earthy charge. Of these the vigilance
 I dread : and to elude, thus wrap'd in mist
 Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and pry
 In every bush, and brake, where hap may find
 The serpent sleeping ; in whose mazy folds
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
 O foul descent ! that I, who erst contended
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd,
 Into a beast ; and, mix with bestial slime,
 This essence to incarnate, and im-brute ;
 That to the height of Deity aspir'd !
 But, what will not ambition, and revenge,
 Descend to ? Who aspires, must down as low ;
 As high he soar'd ; obnoxious, first or last,
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter e'er long, back on it self recoiles :
 Let it ; I reckon not, so it light well aim'd !
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next

260 PARADISE LOST. Book IX.

Provoke my envy (this new favorite
Of heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,
Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker rais'd
From dust ;) spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each thicker, dank or dry,
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
His midnight-search, where soonest he might find
The serpent. Him fast-sleeping soon he found,
In labyrinth of many a round self-rowl'd;
His head the midst, well-stor'd with subtile wiles:
Not yet in horrid shade, or dismal den,
Nor nocent yet; but, on the grassy herb,
Fearless unfeard he slept. In at his mouth
The Devil inter'd; and his brutal sense,
(In heart, or head) possessing, soon inspir'd
With act intelligential: but, his sleep
Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn-

Now, when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe
the,

From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and His nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the choir
Of creatures wanting voice: that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest scents, and airs:
Then commune, how that day they best may ply
Their growing work, (for much their work out-
grew

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 261

The hands dispath of two , gard'ning so wide)

And *Eve* first to her husband thus began.

Adam ! well may we labor still to dress

This garden , still to tend plant , herb , and flow'r,

Our pleasant task enjoin'd ; but 'till more hands

Aid us , the work under our labor grows

Luxurious by restraint : what we by day

Lop over-grown , or prune , or prop , or bind ,

One night or two with wanton growth derides ,

Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise ,

Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present :

Let us divide our labors : thou , where choice

Leads thee , or where most needs , whether to wind

The woodbine round this arbor , or direct

The clasping ivy where to climb : while I ,

In yonder spring of roses , intermix'd

With myrtle , find what to redress 'till noon.

For , while so near each other thus all day

Our task we chuse , what wonder if so near

Looks intervene , and smiles , or object new

Casual discourse draw on ; which intermits

Our day's-work ; brought to little , though begun

Early , and th' hour of supper comes un-earn'd.

To whom mild answer *Adam* thus return'd.

Sole *Eve* , associate sole , to me beyond

Compare , above all living creatures dear !

Well hast thou motion'd , well thy thoughts em-

ploy'd ,

Now we might best fulfil the work , which here

God hath assign'd us ; nor of me shalt pass

262 PARADISE LOST. Book IX.

Unprais'd : (for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman , than to study household good ;
And good works in her husband to promote .)
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd
Labor , as to debar us when we need
Refreshment , whether food , or talk between ,
(Food of the mind) or this sweet intercourse
Of looks , and smiles : for , smiles from reason
flow ,

To brute deny'd , and are of love the food ;
Love , not the lowest end of human life .
For , not to irksome toil , but to delight
He made us , and delight to reason join'd .
The paths , and bow'rs , doubt not but our joint
hands

Will keep from wilderness with ease , as wide
As we need walk ; 'till younger hands e'er long
Assist us . But , if much converse perhaps
Thee fatiate , to short absence I could yield :
(For solitude sometimes is best society ,
And short retirement urges sweet return .)
But , other doubt possesses me ; lest harm
Befall thee , sever'd from me : for ; thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us , what malicious foe
Envyng our happiness , and of his own
Despairing , seeks to work us woe , and shame
By sly assault : and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches , no doubt , with greedy hope to find
His wish , and best advantage , us asunder :
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd , where each

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 263.

To other speedy aid might lend at need.

Whether his first design be to withdraw

Our fealty from God; or to disturb

Conjugal love; (than which perhaps no bliss

Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more:)

Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side

That gave thee Being, still shades thee, and protects.

The wife, where danger, or dishonor lurks,

Safest, and seemliest by her husband stays,

Who guards her, or with her the worst indures.

To whom the virgin-majesty of Eve,

As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,

With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.

Offspring of heav'n, and earth, and all earth's
Lord!

That such an enemy we have, who seeks

Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,

And from the parting Angel over-heard;

As in a shady nook I stood behind,

Just then return'd at shut of ev'ning flow'rs.

But, that thou should'st my firmness therefore
doubt

To God, or thee, because we have a foe

May tempt it, I expected not to hear.

His violence thou fear'st not, being such

As we (not capable of death, or pain)

Can either not receive, or can repel.

His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers

Thy equal fear, that my firm faith, and love,

264 PARADISE LOST. Book IX.

Can by his fraud be shaken, or seduc'd:
Thoughts ! which how found they harbor in thy
breast,

Adam ! mis-thought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words *Adam* reply'd.
Daughter of God, and man, immortal *Eve* !
For, such thou art; from sin, and blame, entire:
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight; but, to avoid
Th' attempt it self, intended by our foe.
For, he who tempts, though in vain, at least as-
perges

The tempted with dishonor foul; suppos'd
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation. Thou thy self with scorn,
And anger, would'st resent the offer'd wrong,
Though in-effectual found: mis-deem not then.
If such affront I labor to avert

From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;
Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light
Nor thou his malice, and false guile, condemn:
Subtile he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels: nor think superfluous other aid.

I, from the influence of thy looks, receive
Access in every virtue; in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger, (if need
were

Of outward strength) while shame, thou lookin
on,

shame

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 265

Shame to be overcome, or over-reach'd,
Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.
Why should'st not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy tryal chuse
With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd?

So spake domestic *Adam* in his care,
And matrimonial love: but *Eve*, who thought
Less attributed to her faith sincere,
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit, straiten'd by a foe,
Subtile, or violent, we not indu'd
Single with like defence, where-ever met;
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But, harm precedes not sin: only our foe
Tempting, affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity: . . . his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonor on our front, but turns
Guilt on himself: then wherefore shunn'd, or
fear'd,

By us? who rather double honor gain
From his surmise prov'd false; find peace within;
Favor from heav'n, our witness, from th' event.
And what is faith, love, virtue un-assay'd
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single, or combin'd:
Still is our happiness, if this be so,
And *Eden* were no *Eden*, thus expos'd.

Tome I.

Z

266 PARADISE LOST. Book IX.

To whom thus *Adam* fervently reply'd.
 O woman ! best are all things as the will
 Of God ordain'd them : His creating hand
 Nothing imperfect, or deficient, left,
 Or all that He created ; much less man,
 Or ought that might his happy state secure.
 Secure from outward force, within himself
 The danger lyes, yet lyes within his pow'r ;
 Against his will he can receive no harm :
 But, God left free the will ; for, what obeys
 Reason, is free ; and reason He made right :
 But, bid her well beware, and still erect ;
 Lest by some fair appearing-good surpriz'd,
 She dictate false ; and n if-inform the will
 To do what God exprelly hath forbid.
 Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins
 That I should mind thee oft ; and mind thou me !
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve ;
 Since reason not impossibly may meet
 Some specious object by the foe suborn'd ;
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
 Were better ; and most likely, if from me
 Thou sever not ; tryal will come un-sought.
 Would'st thou approve thy constancy ? Approve
 First thy obedience : th' other who can know,
 Not seeing thee attempted ? who attest ?
 But, if thou think tryal un-sought may find
 'Tis both securer, than thus warn'd thou seem'st.

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 267

Go ! . . . for thy stay, not free, absents thee more ;
Go in thy native innocence ! rely
On what thou hast of virtue ; summon all !
For God tow'rds thee hath done His part, do thine ;
So spake the patriarch of mankind ; but *Eve*
Persisted, yet submits, though last, reply'd.

With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd,
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd only ; that our tryal, when least sought,
May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,
The willinger I go : nor much expect
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek ;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew ; and like a Wood-Nymph light
Orad, or *Dryad*, or of *Delia's* train,
Betook her to the groves : but *Delia's* self
In gait surpass'd, and Goddess-like deport :
Though not as she, with bow and quiver arm'd ;
Ead with such gard'ning-tools as art, yet rude,
Guileless of fire had form'd, or Angels brought.
To *Pales*, or *Pomona*, thus adorn'd,
Likeliest she seem'd, (*Pomona*, when she fled
Verumnus) or to *Ceres* in her prime,
Yet virgin of *Proserpina* from *Jove*.
Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd
Delighted ! but desired more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated ; she to him as oft engaged
To be reutr'd by noon amid the bow'r ;

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And all things in best order, to invite
 Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
 O much deceiv'd, much sailing, (hapless *Eve*;) A
 Of thy presum'd return! event perverse! T
 Thou never from that hour in Paradise A
 Found'st either sweet repast or sound repose! l
 Such ambush, laid among sweet flow'rs, and shades, A
 Waited with hellish rancor imminent O
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back A
 Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss!.... O
 For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend H
 (Mere serpent in appearance) forth was come; M
 And on his quest, where likeliest he might find A
 The only two of mankind; but in them W
 The whole included race, his purpos'd prey. F
 In bow'r, and field he sought, where any tuft A
 Of growe, or garden-plot more pleasant lay, Ad
 Their tendance, or plantation for delight. The
 By fountain, or by shady rivulet. Or
 He sought them bot, but wish'd his hap might find If e
Eve separate: he wish'd, but not with hope Wh
 Of what so seldom chanc'd: when to his wish, She
 Beyond his hope, *Eve* separate he spies, Such
 Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood, This
 Half-spy'd, so thick the roses bushing round Th
 About her glow'd; half-stooping to support Ang
 Each flow'r of slender stalk, whose head though Her
 gay Of g

Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
 Hung drooping un-sustain'd: them she up-stays

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 269

Gently with myrtle-band ; mindless the while
 Her self, though fairest un-supported flow'r,
 From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh !
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm ;
 Then voluble, and bold ; now hid, now seen,
 Among thick-woven arborets, and flow'rs,
 In-border'd on each bank, the hand of *Eve* :
 (Spot more delicious ! than those gardens feign'd
 Or of reviv'd *Adonis* ; or renown'd
Alinous, host of old *Laertes'* son ;
 Or that, not mystic, where the sapient King
 Held dalliance with his fair *Ægyptian* spouse.)
 Much he the place admir'd, the person more :
 As one who long in populous city pent,
 Where houses thick, and sewers, annoy the air,
 Forth-issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
 Among the pleasant villages, and farms
 Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight ;
 The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound ;
 If chance with nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more ;
 She most, and in her look sums all delight :
 Such pleasure took the serpent to behold
 This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess of *Eve*
 Thus early, thus alone. Her heav'nly form
 Angelic, (but more soft, and feminine)
 Her graceful innocence, her every air
 Of gesture, or least action, over-aw'd

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His malice, and, with rapine sweet; bereav'd
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.
That space the Evil One abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good; of enmity disarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.
But, the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid-heav'n, soon ended his delight;
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure, nor for him ordain'd: then, soon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what
sweet

Compulsion thus transported, to forget
What hither brought us! hate, not love; not
hope

Of Paradise for hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure; but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying; other joy
To me is lost! Then, let me not let pass
Occasion, which now smiles. Behold alone
The woman, opportune to all attempts!
Her husband (for I view far round) not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mold;
Foe not formidable! exempt from wound:
I not: (so much hath hell debas'd and pain
Infeebl'd me, to what I was in heav'n!)

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 271

She fair, divinely fair! fit love for Gods!
 Not terrible: though terror be in love,
 And beauty not approach'd by stronger hate;
 Hate, stronger under shew of love well feign'd;
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the enemy of mankind, inclos'd
 In serpent, inmate bad! and toward *Eve*
 Address'd his way: not with indented wave,
 None on the ground, as since; but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
 Fold above fold, a surging maze! His head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
 Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape,
 And lovely! Never since of serpent-kind
 Lovelier; not those that in *Illyria* chang'd
Hermione, and *Cadmus*; or the God
 In *Epidaurus*: nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or *Capitoline* was seen;
 He, with *Olympias*; this with her who bore
Scipio, the height of *Rome*. With tract oblique
 At first, (as one who sought access, but fear'd
 To interrupt) side long he works his way:
 As when a ship, by skilful steers-man wrought
 Nigh river's mouth, or fore-land, where the wind
 Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail:
 So vary'd he, and of his tortuous train
 Cur'd many a wanton wreath, in sight of *Eve*,
 To lure her eye. She busied, heard the sound

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Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as us'd
To such disport before her through the field,
From every beast; more dutious at her call,
Than at *Circean* call the herd disguis'd.
He, bolder now, un-call'd before her stood;
But, as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret crest, and sleek-enamel'd neck,
Fawning; and lick'd the ground whereon she trod,
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
The eye of *Eve*, to mark his play: he, glad
Of her attention gain'd, (with serpent-tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air)
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sov'reign mistress: if perhaps
Thou canst, who art sole wonder; much less am
Thy looks, the heav'n of mildness, with disdain;
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate; I thus single; nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair!
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore,
With ravishment beheld! there best beheld,
Where universally admir'd: but, here
In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,
(Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair) one man except,
Who sees thee? and, what is one! who shouldst be
seen

A Goddess among Gods, ador'd, and serv'd

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 273

By Angels numberless, thy daily train.

So glaz'd the tempter, and his poem tun'd :
Into the heart of *Eve* his words made way ,
Though at the voice much marvelling : at length ;
Not un amaz'd, she thus in answer spake

What may this mean ? Language of man pronounced

By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd !

The first, at least, of these I thought deny'd

To beasts ; whom God , on their creation-day ,

Created mute to all articulate sound :

The latter I demur ; for, in their looks

Much reason, and in their actions , oft appears.

Thee, serpent, subtil'st beast of all the field

I knew ; but not with human voice indu'd.

Redouble then this miracle, and say,

How cam'st thou speakable, of mute ; and how

To me so friendly grown above the rest

Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight ?

Alas ! for, such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful tempter thus reply'd :

Impress of this fair world, resplendent *Eve* !

Easy to me it is to tell thee all

That thou command'st ; and right thou shouldst
be obey'd.

As at first as other beasts , that graze

The trodden herb, of abject thoughts, and low ,

As was my food ; nor ought, but food , discern'd,

Flex ; and apprehended nothing high.

On a day roving the field , I chanc'd

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A goodly tree far-distant to behold,
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colors mix'd,
 Ruddy, and gold : I nearer drew, to gaze ;
 When from the boughs a savory odor blown,
 Grateful to appetite ! more pleas'd my sense
 Than smell of sweetest fenel, or the teats
 Of ewe, or goat, dropping with milk at ev'n,
 Unsuck'd of lamb, or kid, that tend their play.
 To satisfy the sharp desire I had
 Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd
 Not to defer : hunger, and thirst, at once,
 Pow'rful persuaders ! quicken'd at the scent
 Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon ;
 (For, high from ground, the branches would re-
 quire

Thy utmost reach, or *Adam's*) round the tree
 All other beasts that saw, with like desire
 Longing, and envying stood, but could not reach.
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck, and eat my fill
 I spar'd not ; for, such pleasure 'till that hour,
 At feed, or fountain, never had I found !
 Sated at length, e'er-long I might perceive
 Strange alteration in me, to degree
 Of reason in my inward pow'rs ; and speech
 Wanted not long ; though to this shape retain'd.
 Thenceforth to speculations high, or deep,
 I turn'd my thoughts ; and, with capacious mind,
 Consider'd all things visible in heav'n,

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 275

Of earth, or middle; all things fair, and good :
 But, all that fair, and good, in Thy divine
 Semblance, and in Thy beauty's heav'nly ray,
 United I beheld : no Fair to Thine

Equivalent, or second ! which compell'd
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
 And gaze, and worship Thee, of right declar'd
 Sovereign of creatures, universal dame !

So talk'd the spirited fly snake : and *Eve*,
 Yet more amaz'd, unwary thus reply'd.

Serpent ! thy over-praising leaves in doubt
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd.

But say, where grows the tree ? from hence how
 far ?

For many are the trees of God that grow
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
 Yours ; in such abundance lyes our choice,
 As leaves a greater store of fruit un-touch'd :
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands
 Help to dis-burden nature of her birth.

To whom the wily adder, blithe, and glad.

Impress ! the way is ready ; and not long ;
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
 Past by a fountain, one small thicker past
 Of blowing myrrh, and balm : if thou accept
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

Lead then, said *Eve*. He leading swiftly rowl'd
 Through tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
 To mischief swift : hope elevates, and joy

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Brightens his crest : as when a wand'ring fire,
 Compact of unctuous vapor, which the night
 Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
 Kindled through agitation to a flame,
 (Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends.)
 Hovering, and blazing with delusive light,
 Mis-leads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way,
 Through bogs, and mires, and oft thro' pond, or
 pool ;

There swallow'd up, and lost, from succor far!
 So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud
 Led *Eve*, our credulous mother, to the tree
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe !

Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.
 Serpent ! we might have spar'd our coming hither,

Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess :
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee ;
 Wond'rous indeed, if cause of such effects !
 But, of this tree we may not taste, nor touch ;
 God so commanded ; and I left that command
 Sole-daughter of His voice : the rest, we live
 Law to our selves ; our reason is our law.

To whom the tempter guilefully reply'd.
 Indeed ! Hath God then said that of the fruit
 Of all these-garden-trees ye shall not eat,
 Yet lords declar'd of all in eath, or air ?

To whom thus *Eve*, yet sinless. Of the fruit
 Of each tree in the garden we may eat ;
 But, of the fruit of this fair tree, amidst

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 277.

The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat
thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

She scarce had said, tho' brief, when now more
bold

The tempter (but, with shew of zeal, and love
to man, and indignation at his wrong)

Now part puts on; and, as to passion mov'd,
Infectuates disturb'd, yet comely, and in act
Fair, as of some great matter to begin.

When of old some orator renown'd,
In Athens, or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourish'd (since mute!) to some great cause ad-
dress'd,

Stood in himself collected; while each part,
Action, each act, won audience, e'er the tongue;
Sometimes in height began, as no delay
Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right:
So standing, moving, or to height up-grown,
The tempter all im-passion'd, thus began.

O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,
Mother of science! now I feel thy pow'r
Within me clear; not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.

Queen of this universe! do not believe
Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die:
How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge: by the threatner? Look on me,
Who have touch'd, and tasted; yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate

278 PARADISE LOST. Book IX.

Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
 Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
 Is open? Or will God incense his ire
 For such a petty trespass? and not praise
 Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
 Of death denounc'd (whatever thing death be)
 Deter'd not from atchieving what might lead
 To happier life, knowledge of good, and evil?
 Of good, how just? of evil, (if what is evil
 Be real) why not known, since easier shunn'd?
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just:
 Not just, not God; nor fear'd then, nor obey'd:
 Your fear it self of death removes the fear.
 Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe;
 Why, but to keep you low, and ignorant,
 His worshippers. He knows that in the day
 You eat thereof, your eyes (that seem so clear,
 Yet are but dim) shall perfectly be then
 Open'd, and clear'd: and ye shall be as Gods,
 Knowing both good, and evil, as they know.
 That ye shall be as Gods, since I as man,
 Internal man, is but proportion meet:
 I of brute, human; ye of human, Gods,
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
 Human, to put on Gods; death to be wish'd,
 Tho' threaten'd, which no worse than this can
 bring!

And what are Gods, that man may not become
 As they, participating god-like food?
 The gods are first, and that advantage use

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 279

On our belief, that all from them proceeds :
 Question it ! for this fair earth I see ,
 Warm'd by the sun , producing every kind ;
 Them, nothing : if they all things , who in-clos'd
 Knowledge of good , and evil , in this tree ,
 That whoso eats thereof , forthwith attains
 Wisdom without their leave ? and wherein lies
 Th' offense , that man should thus attain to know ?
 What can your knowledge hurt Him , or this tree
 Impart against His will , if all be His ?
 Or is it envy ? And can envy dwell
 In heav'nly breasts ? These , these , and many
 more
 Cases , import your need of this fair fruit ,
 Goldens humane , reach then , and freely taste !
 He ended ; and his words , replete with guile ,
 Into her heart too easy entrance won :
 And on the fruit she gaz'd , which to behold
 Might tempt alone : and in her ears the sound
 Of his persuasive words , impregn'd
 With reason , (to her seeming) and with truth :
 Mean-while the hour of noon drew on , and wak'd
 An eager appetite , rais'd by the smell
 Of savory of that fruit ; which with desire ,
 Inclined now grown to touch , or taste)
 Solicited her longing eye : yet first
 Tasting a while , thus to her self she mus'd .
 Great are thy virtues , doubtless , best of fruits !
 Though kept from man , and worthy to be admir'd ;
 Whose taste , too long forborn , at first assay

280 PARADISE LOST. Book IX.

Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech, to speak thy
praise.

Thy praise He also, who forbid thy use,
Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of knowledge; knowledge both of good, and evil:
Forbids us then to taste! But, His forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For, good un-known, sure is not had; or had,
And yet un-known, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids He but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions bind not. . . . But, if Death
Bind us with after-bands, whats profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die. . .
How dies the serpent? he hath eat'n, and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns;
Irrational 'till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or, to us deny'd
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?
For beasts it seems! yet, that one beast which first
Hath tasted, envies not; but brings with joy
The good befall'n him: author un-suspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit, or guile.
What fear I then? rather, what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good, and evil,
Of God, or Death, of law, or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine!

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 281

Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
 Of virtue to make wise ! What hinders then
 To reach, and feed at once both body, and mind ?
 So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
 North-reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat !
 Earth felt the wound ; and Nature from her seat,
 Sighing through all her worke, gave signs of woe
 That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
 The guilty serpent : and well might : for, *Eve*
 Went now wholly on her taste, nought else
 Regarded ; such delight 'till then, as seem'd,
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true,
 Or facy'd so, through expectation high
 Of knowledge ; nor was God-head from her
 thought.

Greedyly she ingorg'd without restraint ;
 And knew not eating Death ! Satiated at length,
 And heighten'd as with wine, jocund, and boon,
 Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

O sov'reign, virtuous, pretious of all trees
 In Paradise ! of operation blest
 To sapience ! hitherto obscur'd, in-fam'd,
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
 Created : but, henceforth my early care
 (Not without song, each morning, and due praise)
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease,
 Of thy full branches, offer'd free to all :
 Till dieted by thee, I grow mature
 In knowledge, as the Gods, who all things know ;
 Though others envy what they cannot give :

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For, had the gift been theirs, it had not here
 Thus grown. Experience, next, to thee I owe,
 Best guide ! not following thee, I had remain'd
 In ignorance ; thou open'st wisdom's way,
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire.
 And I perhaps am secret : heav'n is high,
 High, and remote to see from thence distinct
 Each thing on earth ; and other care, perhaps,
 May have diverted from continual watch
 Our Great Forbidder, safe with all His spies
 About Him. But, to *Adam* in what sort
 Shall I appear ? shall I to him make known
 As yet my change, and give him to partake
 Full happiness with me ? or rather not ;
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my power
 Without co-partner ? so to add what wants
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,
 And render me more equal ; and perhaps,
 (A thing not un-desirable) sometime
 Superior : for inferior, who is free ?
 This may be well But what if God have sent
 And Death ensue ? Then I shall be no more !
 And *Adam*, wedded to another *Eve*,
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct ;
 A death to think ! Confirm'd then I resolve,
Adam shall share with me in bliss, or woe :
 So dear I love him, that with him, all deaths
 I could endure ; without him live no life.

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd :
 But first low reverence done, as to the Pow'r

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 283

That dwelt within ; whose presence had infus'd
 Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd
 From Nectar, drink of Gods. *Adam* the while
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove
 Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn
 Her tresses, and her rural labors crown :
 As reapers oft are wont their Harvest-Queen :
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd :
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
 Misgave him ; he the fault'ring measure felt ;
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took
 That morn, when first they parted. By the tree
 Of knowledge he must pass ; there he her met,
 Scarce from the tree returning : in her hand
 A bow of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,
 New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
 Tho him she hasted ; in her face excuse
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt ;
 Which, with bland words at will, she thus address'd.

Hast thou not wonder'd, *Adam*, at my stay ?
 Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
 Thy presence ; agony of love ! 'till now
 Not felt, nor shall be twice ; for, never more
 Mean I to try, (what rash un-try'd I sought)
 The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
 Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear.
 This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
 Of danger, tasted ; nor to evil un-known

234. PARADISE LOST. Book IX.

Op'ning the way ; but , of divine effect ,
 To open eyes , and make them Gods who taste ;
 And hath been tasted such. The serpent wise ,
 (Or not restrain'd as we , or not obeying)
 Hath eaten of the fruit ; and is become
 Not dead , as we are threaten'd ; but , henceforth
 Indu'd with human voice , and human sense ,
 Reasoning to admiration ! and with me
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd , that I
 Have also tasted , and have also found
 Th' effects to correspond : opener mine eyes ,
 Dim erst ; dilated spirits , ampler heart ,
 And growing up to Godhead : which for thee
 Chiefly I sought ; without thee can despise :
 For , bliss , as thou hast part , to me is bliss ;
 Tedious un-shar'd with thee , and odious soon.
 Thou therefore also taste , that equal lot
 May join us ; equal joy , as equal love :
 Lest thou not tasting , different degree
 Dis-join us , and I then too late renounce
 Deity for thee , when fate will not permit.

Thus *Eve* with count'nance blithe her story told ;
 But , in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
 On th' other side , *Adam* , soon as he heard
 The fatal trespass done by *Eve* , amaz'd.
 Astonied stood , and blank ! while horror chill
 Ran through his veins , and all his joints relax'd.
 From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for *Eve*
 Down drop'd , and all the faded roses shed :
 Speechless he stood , and pale ! 'till thus at length

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 285

First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of creation ! last, and best
Of all God's works ! Creature, in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight, or thought, be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !
How art thou lost ! how on a sudden lost,
Defac'd, deslow'r'd, and now to death devote !
Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance ! how, to violate
The sacred fruit forbidd'n ! Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet un-known ;
And me with thee hath ruin'd : for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die !

How can I live without thee ! how forego
My sweet converse, and love, so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn !
Should God create another *Eve*, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart : no, no ! I feel
The link of nature draw me : flesh of flesh,
One of my bone thou art, and from thy state
We never shall be parted, bliss or woe !
So having said, as one from said dismay
Uncomforted, and, after thoughts disturb'd,
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
Lies in calm mood his words to *Eve* he turn'd.
Bold deed thou hast presum'd, advent'rous *Eve* !
And peril great provok'd, who thus hath dar'd,
That it been only covering to eye
The sacred fruit : sacred to abstinence ;

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Much more to taste it, under bann to touch.
 But, past who can re-call, or done un-do !
 Not God Omnipotent, nor fate ! Yet so
 Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact
 Is not so heinous now, fore-tasted fruit,
 Profan'd first by the serpent, by him first
 Made common, and un-hallow'd, e'er our taste ;
 Nor yet on him found deadly ; he yet lives ;
 Lives, as thou said'st ; and gains to live, as man
 Higher degree of life : inducement strong
 To us, as likely tasting to attain
 Proportional ascent ; which cannot be
 But to be Gods, or Angels, Demi gods.
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise !
 Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
 Us, His prime creatures ; dignify'd so high,
 Set over all His works ; which in our fall,
 For us created, needs with us must fail,
 Dependent made : so God shall un-create,
 Be frustrate, do, un-do, and labor lose ;
 Not well conceiv'd of God : Who (tho' His pow
 Creation could repeat) yet would be loth
 Us to abolish ; lest the adversary
 Triumph, and say ; « Fickle their state whom Go
 « Most favors ! who can please him long ? Me
 « He ruin'd ; now mankind : whom will he next
 Matter of scorn, not to be giv'n the foe.
 However I with thee have fix'd my lot,
 Certain to undergo like doom : if death
 Consort with thee, death is to me as life :

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 287

So forcible within my heart, I feel
 The bond of nature draw me to my own:
 My own in thee! for, what thou art is mine:
 Our state can not be sever'd, we are one,
 One flesh; to lose thee were to lose my self.
 So *Adam*; and thus *Eve* to him reply'd.
 O glorious trial of exceeding love,
 Illustrious evidence, example high,
 Engaging me to emulate! but, short
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
 Adam? from whose dear side I boast me sprung;
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
 One heart, one soul in both! whereof good proof
 This day affords; declaring thee resolv'd,
 Rather than death, or ought than death more dread,
 Shall separate us (link'd in love so dear!)
 To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
 If any be) of tasting this fair fruit:
 Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
 Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
 This happy trial of thy love; which else
 Eminently never had been known.
 Were it I thought death menac'd would ensue
 In my attempt, I would sustain alone
 The worst, and not persuade thee; rather die
 Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact
 Pernicious to thy peace; chiefly, assur'd
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,
 Faithful love un-equal'd. But, I feel
 Otherwise th' event, not death, but life

288 PARADISE LOST. Book IX.

Augmented ; open'd eyes , new hopes , new joys
Taste so divine ! that what of sweet before
Hath touch'd my sense , flat seems to this , and harsh
On my experience , *Adam* ! freely taste ,
And fear of death deliver to the winds .

So saying , she embrac'd him , and for joy
Tenderly wept ; much won , that he his love
Had so en-nobled , as of choice t' incur
Divine displeasure for her sake , or death .
In recompense (for such compliance bad
Such recompense best merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair-inticing fruit ,
With liberal hand : he scrupled not to eat ,
Against his better knowledge ; not deceiv'd ,
But fondly overcome with female charm .
Earth trembled from her entrails , as again
In pangs ; and nature gave a second groan :
Sky lowr'd , and mutt'ring thunder , some sad drops
Wept , at compleating of the mortal sin
Original ! while *Adam* took no thought ,
Eating his fill ; nor *Eve* to iterate
Her former trespass fear'd ; the more to sooth
Him with her lov'd society : that now
(As with new wine intoxicated both)
They swim in mirth , and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings ,
Wherewith to scorn the earth . But , that false fruit
Far other operation first dis-play'd :
Carnal desire in-flaming , he on *Eve*
Began to cast lascivious eyes ; she him

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 289

As wantonly repaid ; in lust they burn :
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.
 Eve ! now I see thou art exact of taste ,
 And elegant , of sapience no small part ;
 Since to each meaning favor we apply ,
 And palate call judicious : I the praise
 Yield thee , so well this day thou hast purvey'd .
 Much pleasure we have lost , while we abstain'd
 From this delightful fruit , nor known 'till now
 True relish , tasting : if such pleasure be
 In things to us forbidd'n , it might be wish'd ,
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten .
 Let come ! so well refresh , now let us play ,
 As meet is , after such delicious fare :
 For never did thy beauty , since the day
 I saw thee first , and wedded thee , adorn'd
 With all perfection , so in-flame my sense
 To hardor to enjoy thee ; fairer now
 Than ever ; bounty of this virtuous tree !
 So said he , and forbore not glance , or toy
 Of amorous intent ; well understood
 Eve , whose eye darted contagious fire .
 Her hand he seiz'd , and to a shady bank ,
 Thick over-head with verdant roof imbowl'd ,
 Led her nothing loth : flow'rs were the couch ,
 Anemones , and violets , and asphodel ,
 And hyacinth , earth's freshest softest lap .
 There they their fill of love , and love's disport
 Took largely ; of their mutual guilt the seal ,
 The solace of their sin ; 'till dewy sleep

Terme I .

B. b.

290 PARADISE LOST. Book IX.

Oppress'd them, weary'd with their amorous play.

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapor bland
About their spirits had plaid, and inmost pow'rs
Made err, was now exhal'd; and grosser sleep,
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
Incumber'd, now had left them; up they rose
As from un-rest: and each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
How darken'd! Innocence, that (as a veil)
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honor, from about them: naked left
To guilty shame! he cover'd; but his robe
Uncover'd more: so rose the *Danite* strong,
Herculean Sampson, from the harlot-lap
Of *Philistean Dalilah*; and wak'd
Shorn of his strength: they, destitute, and bare
Of all their virtue! Silent, and in face
Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute:
'Till *Adam*, though no less than *Eve* abash'd,
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.

O *Eve*! in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice: true in our fall,
False in our promis'd rising: since our eyes
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good, and evil! good lost, and evil got!
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honor void,

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 291

Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
 (Our wonted ornaments,) now soil'd, and stain'd:
 And in our faces evident the signs
 Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
 Ev'n shame, the last of evils; of the first
 Be sure then! How shall I behold the face
 Henceforth of God, or Angel, erst with joy
 And rapture so oft beheld? Those heav'nly shapes
 Will dazzle now this earthly, with their blaze
 Insufferably bright. O! might I here
 In solitude live savage; in some glade
 Obscur'd, where highest woods (impenetrable
 To flat, or sun-light) spread their umbrage broad,
 And brown as evening! Cover me, ye pines!
 Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
 Hide me, where I may never see them more! . . .
 But, let us now, as in bad plight, devise
 What best may for the present serve to hide
 The parts of each from other, that seem most
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen.
 Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together
 Sow'd,
 And girded on our loins, may cover round
 Those middle parts; that this new-comer, shame,
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.
 So counsel'd he, and both together went
 Into the thickest wood: there soon they chose
 The fig-tree: not that kind for fruit renown'd;
 But, such as at this day (to *Indians* known
 In *Malabar*, or *Decan*) spreads her arms

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Branching so broad, and long, that in the ground
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
 About the mother tree; a pillar'd shade
 High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between.
 There oft the *Indian* herdsman shunning heat,
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
 At loop-holes cut thro' thickest shade. Those leaves
 They gather'd, broad as *Amazonian* targe:
 And, with what skill they had, together sow'd,
 To gird their waist: vain covering, if to hide
 Their guilt, and dreaded shame! O! how unlike
 To that first naked glory! (such of late
 Columbus found th' *American*, so girt
 With feather'd cincture; naked else, and wild
 Among the trees, on isles, and woody shores.
 Thus fenc'd, and, as they thought, their shame in part
 Cover'd, but not at rest, or ease of mind,
 They sat them down to weep. Nor only tears
 Rain'd at their eyes; but high winds worse within
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook fore
 Their inward state of mind; calm region once,
 And full of peace, now tost, and turbulent!
 For, understanding rul'd not; and the will
 Heard not her lore! but, in subjection now
 To sensual appetite, who from beneath
 Usurping, over sov'reign reason claim'd
 Superior sway: from thus distemper'd breast,
 Adam, estrang'd in look, and alter'd style,
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd

Book IX. PARADISE LOST. 293.

Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and
stay'd

With me, as I besought thee, when that strange,
Desire of wand'ring, this unhappy morn,
I know not whence possess'd thee! We had then
Remain'd still happy; nor, as now, despoil'd
Of all our good; sham'd, naked, miserable. . . .
Let none hencefort seek needless cause t'approve
The faith they owe: when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

To whom, soon mov'd with touch of blame, thus.

Eve.

What words have pass'd thy lips, *Adam* severe!
Imput'st thou that to my default, or will
Of wand'ring (as thou call'st it) which, who knows.
But, might as ill have happen'd thou being by;
Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou could'st not have discern'd
Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake;
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib!
Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger, as thou said'st?
Too facil then, thou didst not much gain-say;
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm, and fix'd, in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.

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To whom, then first incens'd, *Adam* reply'd
Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ingrateful *Eve* ! express
Immutable, when thou wert lost, not I ;
Who might have liv'd, and joy'd immortal life ;
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee.
And am I now upbraided, as the cause
Of thy transgressing ! . . . Not enough severe
It seems, in my restraint ! . . . What could I more
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee ; foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait : beyond this, had been force ;
And force upon free-will hath here no place.
But, confidence then bore thee on, secure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious tryal. And perhaps
I also err'd, in over-much admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil dur attempt thee : but, I rue
That error now, which is become my crime ;
And thou th' accuser ! . . . Thus it shall befall
Him, who to worth in women over-trusting,
Lets her will rule : restraint she will not brook ;
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse. . . .

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours ; but neither self-condemning
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

The End of the ninth Book,

